

THE POETICAL
WORKS

Of that Witty LORD

John Earl of *Rocheſter*:

Left in *Ranger's* Lodge in *Woodſtock* Park;
where his LORDSHIP died, and
never before Printed;

WITH

Some ACCOUNT of the LIFE of that
ingenious Nobleman.

EXTRACTED

From Biſhop *Burnet*, and other Eminent Writers;

L O N D O N :

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T H E
P R E F A C E.



T was long supposed (by a Tradition in the Family) that Lord Rochester left many of his Writings unpublished at his Death; but where they were, or in whose Hand deposited, remained a Secret for many Years; and had remained so for ever, had the Servant, to whose Care they were entrusted to burn them, performed the Charge he was strictly enjoined by his Lordship to execute a few Hours before his Decease. But this faithless Servant, who was very illiterate, fancying the Papers he was commissioned to destroy, contained something uncommon

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mon and valuable, delay'd their Destruction Time after Time, 'till he had almost forgotten he had any such Things : Not daring in the Interim to shew 'em to any Body, for fear his Falshood should be detected. As he received them Young, and lived to a great Age, they were found but a few Years ago, by his Grand-daughter, who then lived with him at the Time of his Death, in searching after his Will; He being at that Time in a Kind of Trance, and past all Hopes of Recovery.

*As this young Woman knew as little of Writings as her Grand-father, she did not doubt, upon the Manuscript's coming to Light, but she had found his Will, and well hoped from the Bulk of it, that it contained something very considerable; and as such, it was put into the Hands of a neighbouring Gentleman, who, in his Youth, had practised the Law, for the Favour of his Advice. On the Discovery of its being no Will, the young Woman, who was now become sole Heir to her Grand-father, and to whom the Contents of the said Writings appeared neither useful nor valuable, made a present of them to the said Gentleman for
his*

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his Trouble, upon Intimation that the same would be a sufficient Gratuity for the Pains he had taken in their perusal.

This Gentleman, who was always an Admirer of the Muses, communicated these Remains of Lord Rochester's to his intimate Friends, and to several respectable Persons in the University of Oxford, who greatly approving thereof, constrained him to send them Abroad in this Manner, that the Young, the Gay, and the Witty, might have something new and diverting, to pass away the ensuing Winter Evenings.

As most of these Pieces were written when the Hey-day of his Lordship's Blood was a little over, they are penned with a stricter Regard to Decency and good Manners, than some of his former Writings.

As his Lordship was attended in his last Moments by several eminent Divines, and in whom he placed a very great Confidence, it may be wondered, why he did not commit the Care of his Writings

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Writings to their Hands for Destruction, rather than to an illiterate Servant : But as he died a very great Penitent for the inordinate Sallies of youthful Profligacy, which the Gaiety of the Age he lived in, had made him guilty of, he probably did not chuse to let them see a Collection that (as mere Divines) they must have condemned rather than applauded, especially at that Crisis ; and by unseasonable Animadversions might have raised their disagreeable Ideas in himself, and put better Thoughts out of his tranquil Mind, then duly prepared and ready for Eternity : or else, against his Lordship's Inclination, they might have saved them for some future Purpose.

This Humour of destroying Writings has been prevalent in sundry Ages, when the Authors thereof have been on the Verge of Dissolution. Sir Philip Sidney, in great Anguish, ordered his Arcadia to be burnt : And Sir Walter Raleigh, actually burnt himself, the second Part of his History of the World, a few Hours before he was to suffer.

Thus

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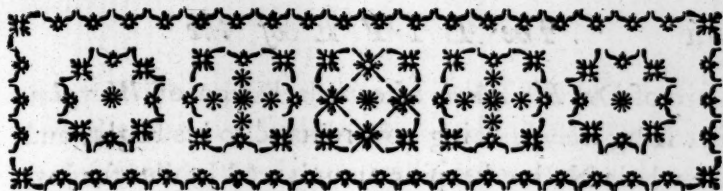
Thus much we have thought fit to say, to satisfy the inquisitive Reader, concerning the Publication of these Writings, so long after the Death of the Noble Author.

As to the Work itself, the very Name of Rochester is a sufficient Passport wherever the English is spoken or understood: And we doubt not but it will give the highest Delight to all those who have Youth, Fire, Wit and Discernment; nor be even distasteful to those cool Readers who have lived 'till Pleasure hath lost its Relish, and witty Things their Power to provoke Mirth, Laughter and Delectation. There being a Season for all Things under the Sun.



THE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE
L I F E
OF THE
Earl of ROCHESTER.

 *JOHN Wilmot*, the celebrated and witty Earl of *Rochester*, was the Son of *Henry* Earl of *Rochester*, best known by the Title of Lord *Wilmot*; to whose Conduct and Bravery King *Charles* the Second's Preservation, after *Worcester* Fight, was entirely owing; the Earl not only shewing him the hiding Place in the Oak, but also procured him a safe Retreat into foreign Parts.

He was born in *April* 1648, and very early taken notice of for the Lustre of his Genius; and having acquired an uncommon Perfection in the *Latin* Tongue, was highly delighted with those incomparable Authors that flourished in the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*. At twelve Years of Age (his Father being dead) he was sent to the University of *Oxford*, and committed to the

Care

Care of Dr. *Blandford*, afterwards Bishop of *Worcester*. But King *Charles* being now restored to his Right, and the whole Nation keeping an universal Jubilee for Joy, he could not be prevailed upon to stay there. And joining with the jovial Humour of the Age, became a good Fellow before he was a Man. To avoid which he was sent to travel much sooner than otherwise he would have been, under the Governance of Dr. *Balfour*, a *Scotch* Physician; whose Love to Learning and good Morals, rendered him a proper Person for such a Charge; and who discharged his Trust more like a Father than a Governor. For seeing the young Earl's Genius more delighted with Gaiety than Study, he chose such Things for him to read, as he was sure would catch his brilliant Fancy, and going from one such Artifice to another, he brought him back to such a Love of Reading, as could never be supplanted by any other Entertainment, to his dying Day. During his stay Abroad, he learnt the *French* and *Italian* Tongues; with some Knowledge in *Phyfic*; which enabled him to play the Quack so well as he did upon *Tower-Hill* afterwards. At his Return, tho' he was but in his 18th Year, he appeared at Court with as great Advantages as most ever had. His Person was graceful, tall and well shaped; he was exactly well-bred; of a modest Behaviour and affable Deportment. His Conversation was easy and obliging, adorned with such a surprizing Vivacity of Thought, and Sweetness of Expression, as never failed to captivate his Hearers. And when he wrote, his Style was clear and strong; his

his Wit sublime and pithy : And when he used Figures —they were usually new, and always sprightly. *Boileau* among the *French*, and *Cowley* among the *English*, were the Authors he took most delight in, (the latter being then, the principal Poet in vogue) but having an unbounded Thirst after Knowledge, he read every Thing : And as the Bee can draw Honey from the meanest Flower in the Field, so this witty Lord never met with any Thing but what he could strike something out of. So that 'tis no wonder his Presence proved so acceptable in a Court of so much Gaiety.

In the Winter of the Year 1665 he went to Sea, with the Earl of *Sandwich*, when he was sent out against the *Dutch East India Fleet*, and was in the Ship called the *Revenge*, Commanded by Sir *Thomas Tiddiman*, when the attack was made on the Port of *Bergen* in *Norway*, the *Dutch Ships* having got into that Port. It was, says *Burnet*, ‘ as Desperate an Attempt as ever was ‘ made, and during the whole Action, the Earl of *Rochester* shewed as brave and resolute a Courage as possible. A Person of Honour told me he heard the ‘ Lord *Clifford*, who was in the same Ship, often magnify his Courage at that Time very highly ; nor did ‘ the Rigour of the Season, the Hardness of the Voyage, ‘ and the extreme Danger he had been in, deter him ‘ from running the like the very next Occasion ; for ‘ the Summer following he went to Sea again, without ‘ communicating his Design to his nearest Relations.

‘He went aboard the Ship commanded by Sir *Edward Spragge*, the Day before the great Sea-fight of that Year; almost all the Voluntèers that went in that Ship were killed. During the Action, Sir *Edward Spragge* not being satisfied with the Behaviour of one of the Captains, could not easily find a Person that would undertake to venture through so much Danger to carry his Command to the Captain; this Lord offered himself to the Service, and went in a little Boat, through all the Shot, and delivered his Message, and returned back to Sir *Edward*, which was much commended by all that saw it.’ These are the early Instances of Courage, which can be produced in Favour of Lord *Rocheſter*.

Since his Travels, and naval Expeditions he seemed to have contracted a Habit of Temperance, in which had he been so happy as to preserve, he must have escaped that fatal Rock, on which he afterwards split, upon his return to Court, where Love and Pleasure kept their perpetual Rounds, under the Smiles of a Prince, whom Nature had fitted for all the Enjoyments of the most luxurious Desires. In Times so dissolute as these, it is no Wonder if a Man of so warm a Constitution as *Rocheſter*, could not resist the too flattering Temptations; which were heightened by the Participations of the Court in general. The uncommon Charms of *Rocheſter*’s Conversation, induced all Men to court him as a Companion, tho’ they often paid too dear for their Curiosity, by being made the Subject of his lampoons,

poons, if they happened to have any Oddities in their Temper, by the exposing of which he could humour his Propensity to Scandal. His pleasant Extravagances soon became the Subject of general Conversation, by which his Vanity was at once flattered, and his Turn of Satire rendered more keen, by the Success it met with.

Rochester had certainly a true Talent for Satire, and he spared neither Friends nor Foes, but let it loose on all without Discrimination. Majesty itself was not secure from it; he more than once lampooned the King, whose Weakness and Attachment to some of his Mistresses, he endeavoured to cure by several means, that is, either by winning them from him, in spite of the Indulgence and Liberality they felt from a Royal Gallant, or by severely lampooning them and him on various Occasions; which the King, who was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, as well as his Lordship, took for the natural Sallies of his Genius, and meant rather as the Amusements of his Fancy, than as the Efforts of Malice; yet, either by a too frequent Repetition, or a too close and poignant Virulence, the King banished him the Court for a Satire made directly on him; this Satire consist of twenty-eight Stanzas, and is entitled *The Restoration, or the History of the Insipids*.

Much about this Time the Duke of *Buckingham* was under Disgrace, for Things of another Nature, and being disengaged from any particular Attachment in Town, he and Lord *Rochester* resolved, like Don *Quixote* of old, to set out in quest of Adventures; and they met with some that will appear entertaining to our

Readers, which we shall give upon the Authority of *Rochester's* Life, prefixed to his Works. Among many other Adventures the following was one :

There happened to be an Inn on *Newmarket* Road, to be let, they disguised themselves in proper Habits for the Persons they were to assume, and jointly took this Inn, in which each in his Turn officiated as Master ; but they soon made this Subservient to Purposes of another Nature.

Having carefully observed the pretty Girls in the Country with whom they were most captivated, (they considered not whether Maids, Wives, or Widows) and to gain Opportunities of seducing them, they invited the Neighbours, who had either Wives or Daughters, to frequent Feasts, where the Men were plied hard with good Liquor, and the Women sufficiently warmed to make but as little Resistance as would be agreeable to their Inclinations, dealing out their Poison to both Sexes, inspiring the Men with Wine, and other strong Liquors, and the Women with Love ; thus they were able to deflower many a Virgin, and alienate the Affections of many a Wife by this odd Stratagem ; and it is difficult to say, whether it is possible for two Men to live to a worse Purpose.

It is natural to imagine that this Kind of Life could not be of long Duration. Feasts so frequently given, and that without any thing to pay, must give a strong Suspicion that the Inn-keepers must soon break, or that they were of such Fortune and Circumstances, as did not well suit the Post they were in.—This their
Lordships

Lordships were sensible of, but not much concerned about it, since they were seldom found long to continue in the same Sort of Adventures, Variety being the Life of their Enjoyments. It was besides, near the Time of his Majesty's going to *Newmarket*, when they designed, that the Discovery of their real Plots, should clear them of the Imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to the Government. These two Conjectures meeting, they thought themselves obliged to dispatch two important Adventures, which they had not yet been able to compass.—There was an old covetous Miser in the Neighbourhood, who notwithstanding his Age, was in Possession of a very agreeable young Wife. Her Husband watched her with the same Assiduity he did his Money, and never trusted her out of his Sight, but under the Protection of an old Maiden Sister, who never had herself experienced the Joys of Love, and bore no great Benevolence to all who were young and handsome. Our noble Inn-keepers had no manner of Doubt of his accepting a Treat, as many had done, for he loved good Living with all his Heart, when it cost him nothing; and except upon these Occasions he was the most temperate and abstemious Man alive; but then they could never prevail with him to bring his Wife, notwithstanding they urged the Presence of so many good Wives in the Neighbourhood to keep her Company. All their Study was then how to deceive the old Sister at Home, who was set as a Guardian over that Fruit which the Miser could neither

eat himself, nor suffer any other to taste; but such a Difficulty as this was soon to be overcome by such Inventions. It was therefore agreed that Lord *Rocheſter* should be dressed in Woman's Cloaths, and while the Husband was feasting with my Lord Duke, he should make Trial of his Skill with the old Woman at Home. He had learned that she had no Aversion to the Bottle when she could come secretly and conveniently at it. Equipped like a Country Lass, and furnished with a Bottle of Spiritous Liquors, he marched to the old Miser's House. It was with Difficulty he found Means to speak with the old Woman, but at last obtained the Favour; where perfect in all the Cant of those People, he began to tell the Occasion of his coming, in Hopes she would invite him to come in, but all in Vain; he was admitted no further than the Porch, with the House Door a-jar: At last, my Lord finding no other Way, fell upon this Expedient. He pretended to be taken suddenly Ill, and tumbled down upon the Threshold. This Noise brings the young Wife to them, who with much Trouble persuades her Keeper to help her into the House, in Regard to the Decorum of her Sex, and the unhappy Condition she was in. The Door had not been long shut, till our Impostor by Degrees recovers, and being set on a Chair, cants a very religious Thankſgiving to the good Gentlewoman for her Kindness, and observed how deplorable it was to be subject to such Fits, which often took her in the Street, and exposed her to many Accidents, but
every

every now and then took a Sip of the Bottle, and recommended it to the old Benefactress, who was sure to drink a hearty Dram. His Lordship had another Bottle in his Pocket qualified with a Opium, which would sooner accomplish his Desire, by giving the Woman a fonniferous Dose, which drinking with Greediness, she soon fell fast asleep.

His Lordship having so far succeeded, and being fired with the Presence of the young Wife, for whom he had formed this odd Scheme, his Desires became impetuous, which produced a Change of Colour, and made the artless Creature imagine the Fit was returning. My Lord then asked if she would be so charitable as to let him lie down on the Bed; the good-natured young Woman shewed him the Way, and being laid down, and staying by him at his Request, he put her in Mind of her Condition, asking about her Husband, whom the young Woman painted in his true Colours, as a surly, jealous old Tyrant. The rural Innocent imagining she had only a Woman with her, was less reserved in her Behaviour and Expressions on that Account, and his Lordship soon found that a Tale of Love would not be displeasing to her. Being now no longer able to curb his Appetite, which was wound up beyond the Power of Restraint, he declared his Sex to her, and without much struggling enjoyed her.

He now became as Happy as Indulgence could make him; and when the first Transports were over,

he contrived the Escape of this young Adulteress from the Prison of her Keeper. She hearkened to his Proposals with Pleasure, and before the old Gentlewoman was awake, she robbed her Husband of an Hundred and Fifty Pieces, and marched off with Lord *Rochester* to the Inn, about Midnight.

They were to pass over three or four Fields before they could reach it, and in going over the last, they very nearly escaped falling into the Enemy's Hands; but the Voice of the Husband discovering who he was, our Adventurers struck down the Field out of the Path, and for the greater Security lay down in the Grass. The Place, the Occasion, and the Person that was so near, put his Lordship in Mind of renewing his Pleasure almost in Sight of the Cuckold. The Fair was no longer coy, and easily yielded to his Desires. He in short carried the Girl Home, and then prostituted her to the Duke's Pleasure, after he had been cloyed himself. The old Man going Home, and finding his Sister asleep, his Wife fled, and his Money gone, was thrown into a State of Madness, and soon hanged himself. The News was soon spread about the Neighbourhood, and reached the Inn, where both Lovers, now as Weary of their Purchase as Desirous of it before, advised her to go to *London*, with which she complied, and in all Probability followed there the Trade of Prostitution for a Subsistence.

The King, soon after this infamous Adventure, coming that Way, found them both in their Post at the Inn,

Inn, took them again into Favour, and suffered them to go with him to *Newmarket*. This Exploit of Lord *Rochester* is not at all improbable, when his Character is considered; his Treachery in the Affair of the Miser's Wife is very like him; and surely it was one of the greatest Acts of Baseness of which he was ever guilty; he artfully seduced her, while her unsuspected Husband was entertained by the Duke of *Buckingham*; he contrived a Robbery, and produced the Death of the injured Husband; this complicated Crime was one of those heavy Charges on his Mind when he lay on his Death-bed, under the dreadful Alarms of his Conscience.

His Lordship's Amours at Court made a great Noise in the World of Gallantry, especially that which he had with the celebrated Mrs. *Roberts*, Mistress to the King, whom she abandoned for the Possession of *Rochester's* Heart, which she found to her Experience, it was not in her Power long to hold. The Earl, who was soon cloyed with the Possession of any one Woman, though the Fairest in the World, forsook her. The Lady after the first Indignation of her Passion subsided, grew as indifferent, and considered upon the proper Means of retrieving the King's Affections. The Occasion was luckily given her one Morning while she was dressing: She saw the King coming by, she hurried down with her Hair disheveled, threw herself at his Feet, implored his Pardon, and vowed Constancy for the Future. The King, overcome with the well-dissembled Agonies of this Beauty, raised her up,
took

took her in his Arms, and protested no Man could see her, and not love her: He waited on her to her Lodging, and there compleated the Reconciliation. This easy Behaviour of the King, had, with many other Instances of the same Kind, determined my Lord *Hallifax* to assert, "That the Love of King *Charles II.* lay as
 " much as any Man's in the lower Regions; that he
 " was indifferent as to their Constancy, and only valued
 " them for the sensual Pleasure they could yield."

Lord *Rochester's* Frolics in the Character of a Mountebank are well known, and the Speech which he made upon that Occasion of his first turning Itinerant Doctor, has been often printed; there is in it a true Spirit of Satire, and a Keenneſs of Lampoon, which is very much in the Character of his Lordship, who had certainly an original Turn for invective and satirical Composition.

We shall give the following short Extract from this celebrated Speech, in which his Lordship's Wit appears pretty conspicuous.

" If I appear (says *Alexander Bendo*) to any one like
 " a Counterfeit, even for the Sake of that chiefly
 " ought I to be construed a true Man, who is the
 " Counterfeit's Example, his Original, and that which
 " he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and
 " copy. It is therefore my Fault if the Cheat, by his
 " Wit and Endeavours, makes himself so like me,
 " that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him?
 " Consider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward, the
 " wealthy Merchant and the Bankrupt; the Politician
 " and

“ and the Fool ; they are the same in many Things,
 “ and differ but in one alone. The valiant Man
 “ holds up his Hand, looks confidently round about
 “ him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord’s Wife, and
 “ owns it ; so does the Coward. One only Point of
 “ Honour, and that’s Courage, which (like false Me-
 “ tal, one only Trial can discover) makes the Distinc-
 “ tion. The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bar-
 “ gains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Rich-
 “ est, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin ; that
 “ which makes the Difference is real Cash, a great
 “ Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last
 “ found out, and still till then the least perceived.—
 “ Now for the Politician ; he is a grave, deliberating,
 “ close, prying Man : Pray are there not grave, deli-
 “ berating, close, prying Fools ? If therefore the Dif-
 “ ference betwixt all these (though infinite in Effect)
 “ be so nice in all Appearance, will you yet expect it
 “ should be otherwise between the false Physician,
 “ Astrologer, &c. and the true ? The first calls him-
 “ self learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Phy-
 “ sic and Council, tells, and foretells ; the other is
 “ bound to do just as much. It is only your Experi-
 “ ence must distinguish betwixt them, to which I will-
 “ ingly submit myself.”

When Lord *Rochester* was restored again to the
 Favour of King *Charles II.* he continued the same ex-
 travagant Pursuits of Pleasure, and would even use
 Freedoms with that Prince, whom he had before so
 much

much offended ; for his Satire knew no Bounds, his Invention was lively, and his Execution sharp.

He is supposed to have contrived with one of *Charles's* Mistresses the following Stratagem to cure that Monarch of the nocturnal Rambles to which he addicted himself. He agreed to go out one Night with him to visit a celebrated House of Intrigue, where he told his Majesty the finest Woman in *England* were to be found. The King made no Scruple to assume his usual Disguise and accompany him, and while he was engaged with one of the Ladies of Pleasure, being before instructed by *Rochester* how to behave, she pick'd his Pocket of all his Money and Watch, which the King did not immediately miss. Neither the People of the House, nor the Girl herself was made acquainted with the Quality of their Visiter, nor had the least Suspicion who he was. When the Intrigue was ended, the King enquired for *Rochester*, but was told he had quitted the House, without taking Leave : But into what Embarrassment was he thrown when upon searching his Pockets, in order to discharge the Reckoning, he found his Money gone ; he was then reduced to ask the Favour of the Jezebel to give him Credit till To-morrow, as the Gentleman who came in with him had not returned, who was to have pay'd for both. The Consequence of this Request was, he was abused, and laughed at ; and the old Woman told him, that she had often been served such dirty Tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the Reckoning

was

was paid, and then called one of her Bullies to take Care of him. In this ridiculous Distress stood the *British* Monarch; the Prisoner of a Bawd, and the Life upon whom the Nation's Hopes were fixed, put in the Power of a Russian. After many Altercations the King at last proposed, that she should accept a Ring which he then took off his Finger, in Pledge for her Money, which she likewise refused, and told him, that as she was no judge of the Value of the Ring, she did not chuse to accept such Pledges. The King then desired that a Jeweller might be called to give his Opinion of the Value of it, but he was answered, that the Expedient was impracticable, as no Jeweller could then be supposed to be out of Bed. After much Entreaty his Majesty at last prevailed upon the Fellow, to knock up a Jeweller and shew him the Ring, which as soon as he had inspected, he stood amazed, and enquired, with Eyes fixed upon the Fellow, who he had got in his House? To which he answered, a black-looking ugly Son of a W——, who had no Money in his Pocket, and was obliged to pawn his Ring. The Ring, says the Jeweller, is so immensely rich, that but one Man in the Nation could afford to wear it; and that one is the King. The Jeweller being astonished at this Accident, went out with the Bully, in order to be fully satisfied of so extraordinary an Affair; and as soon as he entered the Room, he fell on his Knees, and with the utmost Respect presented the Ring to his Majesty. The old Jezebel and the Bully finding the
extra-

extraordinary Quality of their Guest, were now confounded, and asked Pardon most submissively on their Knees. The King in the best natured Manner forgave them, and laughing, asked them, whether the Ring would not bear another Bottle.

Thus ended this Adventure, in which the King learned how dangerous it was to risk his Person in Night-frolics; and could not but severely reprove *Rochester* for acting such a Part towards him; however he sincerely resolved never again to be guilty of the like Indiscretion.

These are the most material of the Adventures, and libertine Courses of the Lord *Rochester*, which Historians and Biographers have transmitted to Posterity.

We have now seen these Scenes of Lord *Rochester's* Life, in which he appears to little Advantage; it is with infinite Pleasure we can take a View of the brighter Side of his Character; to do which, we must attend him to his Death-bed. Had he been the amiable Man Mr. *Wolfe* represents him, he needed not have suffered so many Pangs of Remorse, nor felt the Horrors of Conscience, nor been driven almost to Despair by his Reflexions on a mispent Life.

Rochester lived a Profligate, but he died a Penitent. He lived in Defiance of all Principles; but when he felt the cold Hand of Death upon him, he reflected on his Folly, and saw that the Portion of Iniquity is, at last, sure to be only Pain and Anguish.

Dr. *Burnet*, the excellent Bishop of *Sarum* (however
he

he may be reviled by a Party) with many other Obligations conferred upon the World, has added some Account of Lord *Rochester* in his dying Moments. No state Policy in this Case, can well be supposed to have biaſſed him, and when there are no Motives to Falſehood, it is ſomewhat cruel to diſcredit Assertions. The Doctor could not be influenced by Views of Interest to give this, or any other Account of his Lordſhip; and could certainly have no other Incentive, but that of ſerving his Country, by ſhewing the Inſtability of Vice, and, by drawing into Light an illuſtrious Penitent, adding one Wreath more to the Banners of Virtue.

Burnet begins with telling us, that an Accident fell out in the early Part of the Earl's Life, which in its Conſequences confirmed him in the Purſuit of vicious Courſes.

“ When he went to Sea in the Year 1665, there
 “ happened to be in the ſame Ship with him, Mr.
 “ *Montague*, and another Gentleman of Quality; theſe
 “ two, the former eſpecially, ſeemed perſuaded that
 “ they ſhould never return into *England*. Mr. *Monta-*
 “ *gue* ſaid, he was ſure of it; the other was not ſo po-
 “ ſitive. The Earl of *Rochester* and the laſt of theſe
 “ entered into a formal Engagement, not without Ce-
 “ remonies of Religion, that if either of them died,
 “ he ſhould appear and give the other Notice of the
 “ future State, if there was any. But Mr. *Montague*
 “ would not enter into the Bond. When the Day
 “ came that they thought to have taken the *Dutch*
 “ Fleet

“ Fleet in the Port of *Bergen*, Mr. *Montague*, though
 “ he had such a strong Presage in his Mind of his ap-
 “ proaching Death, yet he bravely stayed all the while
 “ in the Place of the greatest Danger. The other
 “ Gentleman signalized his Courage in the most un-
 “ daunted Manner, till near the End of the Action;
 “ when he fell on a sudden into such a Trembling,
 “ that he could scarce stand: And Mr. *Montague* go-
 “ ing to him to hold him up, as they were in each
 “ others Arms, a Cannon Ball carried away Mr. *Mon-*
 “ *tague's* Belly, so that he expired in an Hour after.”

The Earl of *Rocheſter* told Dr. *Burnet*, that these Pre-
 fages they had in their Minds, made some Impreſſion
 on him that there were ſeparate Beings; and that the
 Soul either by a natural Sagacity, or ſome ſecret No-
 tice communicated to it, had a Sort of Divination.
 But this Gentleman's never appearing was a Snare to
 him during the Reſt of his Life: Though when he
 mentioned this, he could not but acknowledge, it was
 an unreaſonable Thing for him to think that Beings
 in another State were not under ſuch Laws and Limits
 that they could not command their Motion, but as
 the ſupreme Power ſhould order them; and that one
 who had ſo corrupted the natural Principles of Truth
 as he had, had no Reaſon to expect that Miracles
 ſhould be wrought for his Conviction.

He told Dr. *Burnet* another odd Preſage of ap-
 proaching Death, in Lady *Ware*, his Mother-in-law's
 Family. The Chaplain had dreamed that ſuch a Day
 he ſhould die; but being by all the Family laughed

out

out of the Belief of it, he had almost forgot it, till the Evening before at Supper; there being thirteen at Table, according to an old Conceit that one of the Family must soon die, one of the young Ladies pointed to him, that he was the Person. Upon this the Chaplain recalling to Mind his Dream, fell into some Disorder, and the Lady *Ware* reproving him for his Superstition, he said, he was confident he was to die before Morning; but he being in perfect Health, it was not much minded. It was Saturday Night, and he was to preach next Day. He went to his Chamber and set up late as it appeared by the burning of his candle; and he had been preparing his Notes for his Sermon, but was found dead in his Bed next Morning.

These Things his Lordship said, made him incline to believe that the Soul was of a Substance distinct from Matter; but that which convinced him of it was, that in his last Sickness, which brought him so near his Death, when his Spirits were so spent he could not move or stir, and did not hope to live an Hour; he said his Reason and Judgment were so clear and strong, that from thence he was fully persuaded, that Death was not the Dissolution of the Soul, but only the Separation of it from Matter. He had in that Sickness great Remorse for his past Life; but he afterwards said, they were rather general and dark Horrors, than any Conviction of Transgression against his Maker; he was sorry he had lived so as to waste his Strength so soon, or that he had brought such an ill Name upon himself; and had an Agony in his Mind
about

about it, which he knew not well how to express, but believe that these Impunctions of Conscience rather proceed from the Horror of his Condition, than any true Contrition for the Errors of his Life.

During the Time Dr. *Burnet* was at Lord *Rocheſter's* House, they entered frequently into Conversation upon the Topics of natural and revealed Religion, which the Doctor endeavoured to enlarge upon, and explain in a Manner ſuitable to the Condition of a dying Penitent; his Lordſhip expreſſed much Contrition for his having ſo often violated the Laws of the one, againſt his better Knowledge, and having ſpurned the Authority of the other in the Pride of wanton Sophiſtry. He declared that he was ſatisfied of the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion, that he thought it the Inſtitution of Heaven, and afforded the moſt natural Idea of the ſupreme Being, as well as the moſt forcible Motives to Virtue of any Faith profeſſed amongſt Men.

‘ He was not only ſatisfied (ſays Dr. *Burnet*) of the
 ‘ Truth of our Holy Religion, merely as a Matter of
 ‘ Speculation, but was perſuaded likewise of the
 ‘ Power of inward Grace, of which he gave me this
 ‘ ſtrange Account. He, ſaid Mr. *Parſons*, in order to his
 ‘ Conviction, read to him the 53d. Chapter of the Pro-
 ‘ phesies of *Iſaiah*, and compared that with the Hiſ-
 ‘ tory of our Saviour’s Paſſion, that he might there ſee
 ‘ a Propheſy concerning it, written many Ages before
 ‘ it was done; which the *Jews* that blaſphemed *Jeſus*
 ‘ *Chriſt* ſtill kept in their Hands as a Book divinely
 ‘ inſpired.

‘inspired. He said, as he heard it read, he felt an
‘inward Force upon him, which did so enlighten his
‘Mind and convince him, that he could resist it no
‘longer, for the Words had an Authority which did
‘shoot like Rays or Beams in his Mind, so that he
‘was not only convinced by the Reasonings he had
‘about it, which satisfied his Understanding, but by
‘a Power, which did so effectually constrain him that
‘he ever after firmly believed in his Saviour, as if he
‘had seen him in the Clouds.’

We are not quite certain whether there is not a
Tincture of Enthusiasm in this Account given by his
Lordship, as it is too natural to fly from one Extreme
to another, from the Excesses of Debauchery to the
Gloom of Methodism; but even if we suppose this to
have been the Case, he was certainly in the safest Ex-
treme; and there is more Comfort in hearing that a
Man whose Life had been so remarkably profligate as
his, should die under such Impressions, than quit the
World without one Pang for past Offences.

The Bishop gives an Instance of the great Alterati-
on of his Lordship’s Temper and Dispositions (from
what they were formerly) in his Sickness. ‘When-
‘ever he happened to be out of Order, either by Pain
‘or Sickiness, his Temper became quite ungovernable,
‘and his Passions so fierce, that his Servants were afraid
‘to approach him. But in this last Sickness he was all
‘Humility, Patience, and Resignation. Once he
‘was a little offended with the Delay of a Servant,
‘who

‘ who he thought made not Haste enough, with some-
‘ what he called for, and said in a little Heat, that
‘ damn’d Fellow.’ Soon after, says the Doctor, I told
him that I was glad to find his Stile so reformed, and
that he had so entirely over come that ill Habit of
Swearing, only that Word of calling any damned
which had returned upon him was not decent; his
Answer was, ‘ O that Language of Fiends, which was
‘ so familiar to me, hangs yet about me, sure none has
‘ deserved more to be damned than I have done; and
‘ after he had humbly asked God Pardon for it, he
‘ desired me to call the Person to him that he might
‘ ask him Forgiveness; but I told him that was need-
‘ less, for he had said it of one who did not hear it,
‘ and so could not be offended by it. In this Disposi-
‘ tion of Mind, continues the Bishop, all the While I
‘ was with him four Days together; he was then
‘ brought so low that all Hope of Recovery was gone.
‘ Much purulent Matter came from him with his
‘ Urine, which he passed always with Pain, but one
‘ Day with inexpressible Torment; yet he bore it de-
‘ cently, without breaking out into Repinings, or im-
‘ patient Complaints. Nature being at last quite ex-
‘ hausted, and all the Floods of Life gone, he died
‘ without a Groan on the 26th of *July* 1680, in the
‘ 33d Year of his Ags. A Day or two before his
‘ Death he lay much silent, and seemed extremely
‘ devout in his Contemplations; he was frequently
‘ observed

‘ observed to raise his Eyes to Heaven, and send forth
‘ Ejaculations to the Searcher of Hearts, who saw his
‘ Penitence, and who, he hoped, would forgive him.’

Thus died Lord *Rochester*, an amazing Instance of the Goodness of God, who permitted him to enjoy Time, and inclined his Heart to penitence. As by his Life he was suffered to set an Example of the most abandoned Dissoluteness to the World; so by his Death, he was a lively Demonstration of the Fruitlessness of vicious Courses, and may be proposed as an Example to all those who are captivated with the Charms of guilty Pleasure.

Let all his Failings now sleep with him in the Grave, and let us only think of his closing Moments, his Penitence, and Reformation. Had he been permitted to have recovered his Illness, it is reasonable to presume he would have been as lively an Example of Virtue, as he had ever been of Vice, and have born his Testimony in Favour of Religion.

He left behind him a Son named *Charles*, who dying on the 12th of *November*, was buried by his Father on the 7th of *December* following: He also left behind him three Daughters. The Male Line ceasing, *Charles II.* conferred the Title of Earl of *Rochester* on *Lawrence Viscount Killingworth*, a young Son of *Edward Earl of Clarendon*.



THE
REMAINS

OF THE

Earl of ROCHESTER.

The PENITENT.



OR that presumptuous Fault of
mine, In daring to approach the Shrine
Of Beauty, overcome with Wine ;

Since you've depriv'd me of the Sight,
Of that dear matchless Sphere of Light,
A thousand Years—or pretty night :

You should forgive me, *Chloe*, now,
Since I transgress'd, I know not how,
And have done Penance for't, I vow !

B

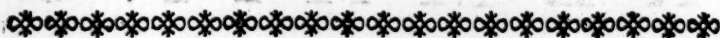
V. 'Till

IV.

For I've been *STANDING*—gad be thank it,
Not only in a Sheet—but Blanket,
Above a Fortnight, *MARRY* hang it.

V.

'Till I am stifned like a Stake,
And apprehensive I shall break,
Unless my Cure you *UNDER*-take.



To C H L O E.

A S O N G.

I.

WHY am I doom'd to follow you?
Or why must I your Shade pursue?
Since you relentless cruel Fair,
Contrive to heighten my Dispair.

II.

Impartial *Love*, reverse my Fate,
Or blast the Bloom of this Ingrate;
Whose fickle false and flinty Heart,
Delights to act a Tyrant's Part.

III.

For why should such a Form contain
A Syren, ~~that~~ delights to Pain?
Whose ev'ry View and ev'ry Art,
Is but to break a constant Heart?

 NOAH'S FLOOD.

WHEN jolly *Bacchus* first began,
 To ripen Life and finish Man,
 His generous Priest, *Silenus* gay,
 With vinal Rites proclaim'd the Day;
 The Day on which the God did give
 Men Pow'r to drink, and think, and live:
 For all our Grand-fires, until then,
 Were dull unthinking useless Men.

Both ARTS and ARMS appear'd to grace,
 And to improve the long-liv'd Race;
 Which *Jove* could no way Introduce,
 So apt, as by the generous Juice.

The Priest, resolv'd, to make them Merry,
 Order'd a Mash-fat full of SHERRY;
 Where ev'ry one might come and lap,
 Or, if he had one, dip his Cap:
 For, in those early Times, alas!
 They did not know the use of Glafs;
 Nor stint themselves to little Sups,
 As we do now, with Pots and Cups;
 But ev'ry one enjoy'd his Will,
 And drank 'till he had drank his Fill.
 But what was that, to treat so many?
 'Twas like a Guinea to a Penny;
 Or like an Ostrich to a Bee;
 Or like to pissing in the Sea:

For far beyond his Expectation,
 He'd such a num'rous Congregation,
 As plainly shew'd, his Utensil,
 Their hollow Teeth would hardly fill.

Among the chief of mortal Wights
 That heard—and came to see these Rites,
 Noah, was one, whom Thirst of Fame,
 And Thirst of Drink, which was the same,
 Had hither brought, with all his House,
 Both great and small, e'en to a Louse;
 To taste the Juice of that gay Berry,
 Which makes both Gods and Mortals merry.
 Who, seeing th' inconvenient Vase,
 Appear with such a scanty Grace,
 Conceiv'd at once a great Displeasure,
 Against the pimping paultry Measure :
 And getting License of th' Inviter,
 Dispatch'd his Sons to fetch a Lighter;
 (Which lately his capacious Soul
 Had form'd to make a Gossip's Bowl)
 That ev'ry one might have enough
 Of that delicious new-found Stuff;
 Which was by Gods call'd NECTAR then,
 And HEAV'NLY LIQUOR now, by Men.
 But neither they, nor their Compeers,
 Could Launch the Lighter off the Piers;
 'Till *four* look'd down from Heav'n, and saw
 The bulky Thing they could not Draw ;

And

And wishing well to their Design,
Sent *Merc'ry* Post, with them to join,
And move it thence with Means divine.
Which, when *Silenus* had made full,
The jovial Blades began to pull;
And, liking well the pleasing Taste,
To leave their Liquor made no Haste;
But stoutly drank without a Stop;
'Till they'd exhausted ev'ry Drop.

Not half suffic'd with such a Portion,
They all fell down with warm Devotion,
And urg'd *Silenus* to implore
The vinal God, to give them more.

But sensual Pleasures often bring
For short-liv'd Joys, a lasting Sting.
So their voluptuous Thirst of Wine,
Prevented ART's and ARM's Design,
To polish Man and Sense refine.
For *Bacchus* quickly, to replenish,
Let fall from Heav'n a Spout of Rhenish,
Which he continu'd pouring still,
'Till ev'ry one had got his Fill,
And could not any longer swill;
But tumbling—lay like o'er gorg'd Swine,
And upwards brought th' unchang'd Wine;
'Till they had delug'd all the Vale,
With Streams that flow'd from Head and Tail;

And made the new invented Boat,
Desert the Earth and move Afloat;
Appearing now a living Fish,
Which was before a lifeless Dish.

Noah, who had the strongest Head,
Observ'd the Progress that it made;
And finding it had left the Ground,
And rode secure tho' flooded 'round,
Suppos'd it was become Divine,
Or animated with the Wine;
And wisely thinking—tho' he stood
Upon a Rock, above the Flood,
The Inundation might encrease:
Above him—if it did not cease,
EXTEMP'RE, sprung into the Trough,
Which, by good Luck, was not far off;
And calling to his filial Trine
Shem, Ham and Japhet, full of Wine,
Who, with their Wives did side-ways reel
To help their Mother—on the Wheel
(Who having drank above her Share,
Was wand'ring thence, she knew not where;)
His Summons was with Speed obey'd,
They all embark'd, and quickly weigh'd,
And down the Stream an EXIR made;
Leaving the swelling Lake behind,
To drown the Rest of human Kind.



On Dean SLAUGHTER.

An EPIGRAM.

THE Parson—that preaches nor prays once a Moon,
When sporting with Laymen, will Sin to some
Tune :

But seated with old *Mother Church* and her Sons,
Talks gravely of Canons, but lives by his GUNS.



On SLEEP.

HOW sweet and pleasing are thy Charms,
When I'm repos'd within thy Arms ?
No Loss or Cross, or Care, I know,
And equal deem both High and Low,
The Smiles and Frowns of Friend or Foe ;
Unless when busy Dreams invade,
But being Dreams—they quickly Fade,
As quick as Shadows in the Shade ;
And *Peace* in downy Car succeeds,
Slow drawn by soft Lethargick Steeds,
That sweetly nod, but scarcely move,
Like some young parting Pair—in Love.



SH---TTEN LUCK is GOOD LUCK.

I.

A Fellow in Fear of eternal Damnation,
Solicited strongly a Priest's Meditation,
To wipe off his Score and make Friends for Salvation.

II.

A PRESENT he brought for the Priest's Croney-Saint,
Whose likeness hung up in the Chapel in Paint,
Where *Double-Chin* went, the Request to acquaint.

III.

The Votary follow'd with Congees most lowly,
Saluting the Prints of his Footsteps so Holy,
Who'd trampled in something—and foul'd them most
woely.

IV.

Abstracted in Thought, he ne'er minded the smell
Of any Thing earthly—that sav'd him from Hell,
Since he didn't intend upon Earth long to dwell.

V.

But whether the Proverb or PRESENT befriended,
Saint *Francis* smil'd on him—his wounded Soul mended;
So, by One or by Both the Business was ended.

The M I R A C L E.

IN ancient Days, when *William Rufus* reign'd;
When Superstition Charity maintain'd;
A full-fac'd Fryar in the prime of Life,
The Joy and Comfort of each pious Wife,
Whose social Virtues prompted him to roam,
Was once benighted very far from Home,
And forc'd to beg a needy Widow's Aid,
To gain a Shelter, Supper and a Bed.

To see so sanctify'd a Form importune,
The Woman melted at the Man's Misfortune;
But (urg'd by Pity and his Garb) too soon,
Alas! comply'd to grant the Good Man's Boon,
Without consid'ring him of diff'rent Sex,
Which, afterwards, her Mind did much Perplex:
For Supper being o'er, and Bed-time nigh,
Too late she thought he had no where to lye:
One only Bed for her un-mated Use,
Her lonely Tenement did then produce:
But Heav'n, Indulgent to her good Intent,
Regarding always what it finds well-meant,
Dispell'd her Cares—and soon a Comfort sent.
The courteous Stranger was a learned Man,
Who thus, a Lecture learnedly began:
No doubt, but you have heard the ancient Saw,
That says, NECESSITY'S ABOVE THE LAW:

The Pow'r of which the Pagans thought so great,
 They call'd her Goddess, and they nam'd her *Fate*.
 Then since the SAME is paramount to Law,
 We may from thence this useful Moral draw,
 That those whose Minds are firmly fix'd above,
 Without Concupiscence of carnal Love,
 Or e'en a Thought licentious or impure,
 May sleep together *once*—unsinful, sure.

So, after praying—to avoid Temptation,
 That Foe to chaste and virtuous Inclination,
 They both undress'd, and stole a *Dispensation*.

But what avail a Fryar's holy Vows,
 When Nature's Law the Bondage disallows?
 The * *Merman* formerly at *Orford* taken,
 Eat human Nutriment, as Beef and Bacon,
 And seem'd to like his Residence and Fare,
 'Till he'd disarm'd his Keepers of their Care;
 'Then urg'd by Nature (spic'd with Reason) took
 Advantage of their Slight, and them forsook;
 Returning to his genial Soil the Sea,
 He flounc'd therein, and sunk with seeming Glee!

So, these good People—now by Darkness hid,
 Where none could see or censure what they did;
 By strong Attraction of each other drew,
 Like Steel and Magnet, one another to;

* See *Baker's Chronicles*.

And feeling nature's Bias strong, beside,
That e'en the Blind successfully can guide;
So greatly lab'ring to unite their Force,
To impulse, did submit and join'd of Course.

Here—we have room to shew, but must not tell
The blissful Incidents that now befel.
The bashful Muse declines the pleasing Lay,
And takes her Farewel—'till Return of Day.

Aurora now, began to paint the Skies,
And *Sol* from distant Realms made haste to rise,
His burnish'd Beams in spreading Lustre shed,
Their Warmth and Beauty on the Widow's Bed.
The goodly Couple thought they'd lain too long;
So up they quickly got—to Morning Song—
To Breakfast—and to laugh at what they'd done,
Without the Risque of any Scandal run,
But reputably safe as cloister'd Nun.

But now the fatal Time at length was come,
To bid Adieu—the Fryar must go Home;
Near Twenty Miles 'ere Night he had to go,
And being Corpulent could move but slow.
But ere he took his leave—besides a Kifs,
And something else a *Lover* could not miss,
The grateful Father ask'd his courteous Host,
What sublunary WISH would please her most.

In long Suspence the wary Matron stood,
To weigh what Bounty would afford most good,
'Till

'Till her kind Genius, like a powder'd Moth
 Appear'd, and pointed to some new-wove Cloth ;
 Which, she that Morning did intend to Measure,
 When the departed Priest should give her Leisure :
 And thinking something lucky might be in't,
 At once embrac'd the Insect's happy hint ;
 And *wish'd*—the Business which she next intended,
 Might last 'till Candle-light, before 'twas ended :
 Imagining thereby, she should have Stuff,
 To cloath her all her Life-time well enough.

The Priest, with Pleasure, granted her Desire,
 And kindly Blessing her, did thence retire.

To part so early would have griev'd the Dame,
 But, from her *Wish*, a Consolation came ;
 Which now t'explore, she look'd towards the Measure,
 That was to take Dimensions of her Treasure,
 When lo ! a Thought most luckily occur'd,
 That made her let the yard-wand lie unstirr'd,
 To use the *Jordan* ere she did begin,
 Lest Nature's Duns should hinder her therein ;
 And press'd with double Haste, did freely pour,
 A fatal rushing overflowing Shower :
 Which being the *next Thing* she undertook,
 Kept rumbling on, like some impetuous Brook ;
 Or like some River-Nymph—the flood performing
 'Till her unlucky *Wish* was to determine :
 And thereby chang'd the lower Ground to *Fens*,
 Which round about the East of *England* bends.



The CHOICE.

LET Kings enjoy their formal State,
 I'd rather Happy be than Great.
 Beneath a wide-spread Beachen Shade,
 Hung o'er a Headland's flow'ry glade;
 A Week in *June* and two in *May*,
 In some broad Bean-field let me stay!
 Where breathing Blossoms fragrant Bloom,
 And scent the Air with rich Perfume.

Her Balm, let blest'd *Arabia* boast,
 And * *Hogan* sing the Nutmeg-Coast;
 Their feeble spicy Sweets must yield
 To such a blooming *English* Field.



The RECTITUDE of ROVER.

OLD *Nol* did late five Friends invite,
 To sup with him and spend the Night;
 And tho' the Miser kept a Maid,
 Accomplish'd in the Cooking-Trade,
 He still would plague her with his aid;
 To wind the Jack and skim the Pot,
 And be what Women call a Cot.

* Supposed to mean a *Dutchman*.

Which

Which so provok'd his Dam'sel stale,
 (Finding Advice of no avail)
 She pinn'd a Dish-clout to his Tail :
 Which * *Rover* seeing (saying Grace)
 And knowing it was out of Place,
 To move it made a fierce Attack,
 And pull'd his Master on his Back.

NEIGHBOUR'S FARE:

O R,

THEY'LL ALL DO IT.

AN honest ancient homebred Clown,
 That never saw th' intriguing Town,
 Nor went much farther than the Bounds
 Of native *Ville*, and his own Grounds ;
 Contented liv'd for many a Year,
 In calm Repose and easy cheer,
 Without a Spark of fell Ambition,
 Or any Change in his Condition,
 'Till Maggots seiz'd his idle pate,
 And made him think—upon a Mate.

His Reasons for it were but few,
 Nay *Reason*—for he had not *save* :

* A large playful young Dog.

Which

Which was—to live like other Folk,
Who wiv'd already, taunting spoke,
Of single-living as a Joke :
As if he did not dare to venture,
His Head into the nuptial Center.
Therefore—to shew his fearless Soul,
He Headlong ran into a *Hole* :
And in the Afternoon of Life,
Marry'd a buxom, noon-tide Wife.

At this, I know, you'll scarce refrain
To laugh out-right, and cry—*poor Swain* !
But you might better say, *poor Woman* !
Since she was wedded to a *No-Man*.
One—past the greater Climacterick,
Wither'd and Sapless as a Hayrick.
But HE, had Store of shining Pelf,
And SHE—no Store but her *ownself*,
A little sprightly Flesh and Blood,
Of Years and Colour pretty Good ;
Which weigh'd with Age and Money—might
Perhaps, suspend the Balance right.

• Is Money then a Compensation
(I know you'll say) for Consummation ?
Depend upon't, it ne'er can suit,
As he is old, and cannot *do't*.

The Question's good—but there again,
The Church that binds unlinks the Chain :
For,

For, as they're join'd upon Condition,
That each shall render full Fruition,
And be without Impediment;
To yield due Comfort and Content:
Th' Aggressor mocks both Spouse and Church,
And may be safely left i'th' Lurch,
Unless they get a Substitute,
That with sufficient Means can do't.

The Dame, this Doctrine, fully knew,
And did not stick to practise, too;
For finding *Matters* vastly short—
Of what she had been told—and thought;
Soon cast her Eyes upon a Swain,
The Farmer kept to drive his Wain,
Of proper Years and Expectation,
To gratify her Inclination.

Each Day the sanguine longing Bride,
Seem'd more and more dissatisfied:
For Love like Hunger still requires,
A Fulness of its own Desires.

The Hind, well skill'd in *Cupid's* Laws,
As well as *Cupid* knew the Cause:
And being a *Leach*—he understood
The boiling Heat of youthful Blood,
And what would do the Patient good:
And knowing *too*, his feeble Master,
Almost as cold as Alabaster;

Thought

Thought it his *Duty* to apply,
A never-failing Remedy,
Which, *Emp'rick* like, he bore about,
And never went a *Yard* without:
A *Secret*—that would certainly
Afford Contentment to all three,
The Husband, Wife, and Hind so free;
If prejudice on neither Side,
Accounted it not *mis-apply'd*:
For very often *Benefits*
Bestow'd on those of crazy Wits,
For want of judging soundly—will
Appear to be intended Ill:
As by the Sequel will be shown,
When it was to the Husband known.

As late one Night, they all three sat,
O'er dying Embers, in a Chat;
As Country People often do,
To save their Wood—and * *Pigtails* too;
The old one fell into a Dose,
And snor'd too, as the Story goes;
The Clock struck Ten—the good Wife said,
Adsbles! it's Time to go to Bed:
Feel *John*—you'll find the Candlesticks
Hung up i'th Nook, against the Bricks.
John felt—but it was for a *Handle*,
For *John* BEFORE, had got the Candle,
Which now he gave his Dame to Dandle.

* Small Candles are so called by Country Folks.

She felt and felt it, round and round,
 And poising of its Plumpness—found
 There cou'dn't be Twenty such i'th' Pound,
 The Number that they always us'd ;
 Which made her think herself abus'd :
 And being under some Dismay,
 How they should such a thick one ha',
 Was going to light the same, straightway,
 That she might *see*—what *Thing* she'd got,
 And whether Candle 'twere or not :
 But feeling both Ends for the Snuff,
 She found the *Wick* at one End rough,
 And made of some unusual Stuff ;
 And hung or held so very fast,
 She might as well have mov'd a Mast.
 So, finding she essay'd in vain,
 She let the Stubborn *Thing* remain ;
 Reflecting on its stiff Deportment
 Its Length, and Strength, and diff'rent Sortment,
 From any *Thing* she'd ever found
 In holy or unholy Ground.
 But *John*—who was a *pushing* Fellow,
 And knew his Mistress must be Mellow,
 And this, to be a proper *Criss*,
 (Or Time that always reckon'd nice is)
 For him or her to make a Cure,
 And ease the Ills she did endure ;
 In gentle Whispers made a Motion,
 For her to take the wholesome Potion.

A Parlour on the self-same Floor,
The old Man's idle Bride-bed bore,
To which the Swain with Clew of Thread,
The ductile Dame in Darkness led,
And putting in her clammy Hand,
A pregnant wonder-working Wand,
Directed her therewith to make,
A magick Circle round a Stake;
Wherein she found a *potent* Spell,
That all her Grievs at once made well.

A while in Clover, pleas'd they lay,
Or rather raptur'd—I should say,
And could we still prolong the Action,
That gave such mutual Satisfaction,
It would be well—for we had rather,
Keep *Things* so fitting still together.
But Pleasure—like to Pain abounds
With large Allays—that run their Rounds:
Cessation hangs on every Thing,
And Changes sweet and bitter bring.
The ancient genial heir-loom Bed,
That Moths and Worms had Millions bred,
Unable, and unus'd of late,
To bear a Pressure of such Weight,
To speak its Grievance gave a Groan,
And then full fairly tumbled down;
O'er whelming with its wooden Tetter
The sweating Swain, on top of *Esther*.

The

The old cornuted sleeping Lout,
 Not dreaming what *they* were about,
 Was by the falling Tester woke,
 And thus, in drowsy Accents spoke,
 “ Lye closer, *Esther*, to my Back,
 “ For something gave a plaguey Crack.”
 And feeling for her—falling, found
 His Reason and himself aground,
 And not as he suppos’d—in Bed
 With Spouse—th’ Adorner of his Head :
 And being fully now, awake,
 And some Reflexion fit to make,
 Found *Esther* absent—and himself,
 As Sailors say—upon a Shelf :
 Which put him in no little Fright,
 And made him, like a lusty Wight,
 Call out for *Esther*—and a Light.

Esther—oppress’d with too much Weight,
 At lenght bawl’d out in fearful rate,
 “ O Husband ! Husband ! I’m in Bed !
 “ But—without help shall soon be dead,
 “ The Tester’s fallen on my Head.”

The old Man hearing *Esther* roar,
 Was then affrighted Ten Times more ;
 And getting on his feeble Feet,
 He lit a Match, and crawl’d to see’t :

But

But when he came the Tetter to,
 And saw a Ploughman's clouted Shoe,
 Surrounded by a Leg in Blue,
 With Anger and Surprize abounding,
 He'd much ado to keep from sounding; *
 Which render'd him the more unable
 To lift aside the pond'rous Table:
 And had not *Hodge* the Miller came,
 To call the Gossip to his Dame,
 They'd lain All-night beneath the same.
 But, being by the Miller shov'd,
 And by the Swain upheav'd—it mov'd,
 And freed from Durance both *below'd*.

But, how shall I describe the Sight,
 Or paint the Scene now brought to Light?
 A Scene of Sadness, Shame, Confusion—
 Which should I tell—you'll but abuse one:
 So I Opine, it's best to leave it,
 And you—to study, and conceive it.

The Farmer grieving for his Bed,
 Forgot a while his sprouting Head:
 But recollecting at the *Last*,
 He fell to *Questions* very fast.
 And pray now Rogue!—quoth he, to *John*,
 What Devil put you this upon?
 Could you corrupt no Whore in Life,
 But you must tempt and whore my *Wife*?

* The common Mode of Expression for swooning.

Could

Could no less Woman serve your Turn,
 Than your *own* Dame?—you faithless Kern!
 How dar'd you such a License take!
 What Satisfaction can you make!
 I am undone! alas! alas!
 And made a Cuckold by the Mafs!
 Not so, quoth *John*—you mean, *by me*;
 But I shall make out instantly,
 That all your Proving and your Fending
 Is false, from 'Ginning to the Ending;
 And that I'm innocent and free
 From wronging either you or she:
 Who had, poor Woman! long been bound,
 And once a Week scarce went to th' Ground!
 And knowing I had hugeous Skill,
 To loosen Cows and Calves at Will,
 Desir'd I'd give her some Relief,
 To ease or cure her costive Grief.
 So—in Obedience as I ought,
 I told her as I had been taught,
 That nothing would so soon assist her,
 As new Milk—giv'n her in a Clyster.
 And as her Wants were very great,
 And we'd no Maid—and it was late,
 Oppress'd with Gripings, she thought fit,
 To beg I would exhibit it.

The Farmer having ponder'd on't,
 And scratch'd his Head—as he was wont;
 Began

Began to Question *John* again,
If she'd the Clyster rightly ta'en;
Since, it appear'd to him—BEFORE,
Instead of being at Back-door.

John—with an Aspect something wise,
To set a Face on't—thus replys :

To *Women*—we apply *before*,
What would to Men be at Back-door.
As sure you know—the female Vent,
Is not like Man's—i'th' Fundament,
But is for double Use a Mouth,
That stands a good Way farther South.

It may be so, the Farmer cry'd,
For I such Fancies never try'd,
And should *therewith* be satisfy'd,
But that I saw a *Rebel* there,
Whose Front express'd in Letters fair,
“ O! Master, you have HORNS *before*,
“ And for a Wife—a plaguey Whore?”
A blessed Servant! hopeful Spouse!
Go—*hence*! I'll rid at once my House
Of such a Hind and such a Blouse!
And Satan send, you evermore
May live unparted, pox'd and poor,
A snarling Rogue and scolding Whore!

When

When *Hodge* had heard the Argument,
 And Sentence of *their* Banishment;
 He cry'd—stay Master. *Soft and fair.*
 Think what you do—and who *they* are.
 The Woman is your lawful Wife,
 The Man's—a good Man, on my Life,
 And has done nothing but what's common,
 And claim'd of course by ev'ry Woman.
 For as *you're* Old, and seldom *Brim*,
 If she had not made use of *him*,
 She would have gotten (being Mellow)
 Some other more unwholesome Fellow.
 My Wife has done the very same,
 More Times than I can really name;
 And if I go to chide her for't,
 She brands me straight with being naught,
 And not performing as I ought.
 So—as I find the *Place* no worse,
 I rest myself contented thus.
 And if this Instance ben't enou',
 I'll name you twenty others too,
 That ev'ry Day the same Thing do.
 Nay! if it's so—then says the Boor,
 I'll hold my Tongue, and blame no more;
 Nor about *Horns* take farther Care,
 Since *Horns*, I find, 'are *Neighbours Fare*.

To Dr. COX of TAMWORTH;

Whose Gust for Strong Ale had brought him into a
Consumption.

*The sick Physician can't
Prescribe for himself.*

I.

REFRAIN my Friend, the baneful ebrious Cup,
Whose venom'd Influence, Inspiration dire?
Will mortify thy Frame, impair thy Mind;
Annihilate, or Monster make the MAN!

II.

The Crystal * Tame's unviolated stream,
With potent Malt and Hops yet undefil'd,
Will quench and satisfy internal Heats,
Give thee new Health, and double length of Days.

III

But having pass'd the Brewer's pois'nous Art,
The whole salubrious Quality is gone;
Its Nature, chang'd by Chemistry and Drugs,
Becomes a noxious and a nauseous Draught.

* The River,

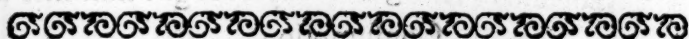
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And

To

IV.

And tho' your long Acquaintance with the juice,
Familiarizes it beyond Distrust,
The Basilisk will sometimes shew his Sting,
And wound your vital Part, beyond Redemption.



On O P I N I O N.

A Man's Mind is his Kingdom.

O PINION's a Happiness e'ry one knows;
We find it in e'ry Thing—e'en to our Cloaths;
Which makes the most Worthless,
And those that are Shirtless,
Content with themselves, and enjoy calm Repose.

*To Miss* SEYMOUR.

A S O N G.

I.

TELL me *Belinda*, tell me why,
My Face you still do fly:
Is it for loving your Person so well?
Or is it because my Anguish I tell?

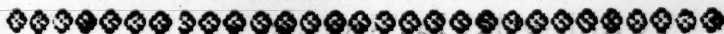
II. Beau-

II.

Beauties resistless 'round you shine,
Not Earthly but Divine.
Endless Vexations around me still move,
Yet still I must Gaze, and still I must Love.

III.

Sparkling Wonder! angelick Fair!
Whose Graces matchless are,
Sully not such bright Perfections as these,
With cruel Disdain, a Caprice to please.



The BIRTH of * O R I O N :

Being the First EXAMPLE of PRIESTCRAFT.

I N ancient Greece in Days of Yore,
Three Pagan Parsons very Poor,
Among them all maintain'd a Whore,
Who most untimely prov'd with Child,
And made her Keepers almost Wild ;
For they had neither Glebe nor Tythe,
That makes the modern Priest so blythe,
Nor any other Comings-in,
From either Godliness or Sin,

}

* The Poets make *Orion* to be the Son of a poor Man in Greece, called *Hircus* ; who killed the only Ox he had to feast *Jupiter*, *Nep-tune*, and *Mercury* : Who to requite his Kindness, pissed in the Ox's Hide, and bidding him to bury it, promised him from thence a Son : Who afterwards had his Name from the Urine of the Gods.

The REMAINS of the

To send her to another Place,
And hide by Distance their Disgrace :
For Priests were then by Law enjoind,
To shun the Touch of Woman-kind :
A Law that made it present Death,
To taste or smell a Woman's Breath.
Their Gods were ev'ry Morn invoc'd,
But yet for *them*—they might be choak'd :
They neither made the Wench miscarry,
Nor sent a Mate to make her Marry :
So seeing *bad* to threaten *worse*,
To Artifice they had Recourse.

From thence, about some seven Leagues,
There liv'd a Tool for their Intrigues,
Poor honest Hircus, too well known,
To have no Issue of his own :
To him the Pastors beat the Hoof,
To try their wily Project's Proof.
One, *Neptune* call'd himself—one *Jove*,
One *Merc'ry* too—all Gods *above* :
Pretended that they had descended,
To see if Men their Morals mended.
Then, *Hircus* told, they came to bless
His Roof with wish'd-for Happiness :
“ Your Spouse, too aged to conceive,
“ Shall Issue have, if you'll *believe* :
“ And put in Practice what we mention,
“ Without divulging our Intention.”

The Man was pleas'd—the Woman glad,
 And kill'd the only Calf they had : *beast* *kill'd*.
 The Glafs went round, the Wine was nappy;
 The *Poor-man* drank, and soon got *bappy*,
 And tumbling backwards cross his Bed,
 Lay lock'd in Sleep as fast as Lead,
 (For Chairs were not in Fashion then,
 But Beds—as say, the learned Men)
 The Dame—whose Brain was something stronger,
 Maintain'd her Port a little longer;
 And being very *sprightly* grown
 With Wine and what she'd lately *known*,
 Prefs'd hard to have the *Secret* open'd,
 Which their good Godships had betoken'd.

Sly *Mercury* took it for a Cue,
 And soon expos'd a Leash to view,
 Which she had no Averfion to ;
 And as she very aptly lay,
 To shew the Letchers all fair Play,
 They all Three went the fame Highway :
 And tho' she was above Threescore,
 And past Child-bearing any more,
 By *any Man*—yet, we presume,
Three Gods could well reverse the Doom,
 And fruitful make her barren Womb :
 The Matron, likely, thought so too,
 And tamely took all they could do ;
 As being a Duty necessary,
 And unavoidable Preliminary.

This being done—they led her out,
 And made her turn three Times about.
 And having sunk a little Cave,
 Or if you will (for Rhime) a Grave,
 They made her spill therein her Urine,
 And Hill it over, like a Bury'ng :
 And charg'd her strictly not to touch
 The hallow'd Hill for ne'er so much,
 'Till eighty Days had ripen'd it,
 And made the Earth for opening fit :
 For as we're Trine, said *Jove*, and Club,
 To bring ye ready made a Cub,
 Three Months thus *tripled*, is the same
 As nine—to any other Dame.
 Besides—there is a cogent Reason,
 You should not tarry such a Season,
 For being old—it may be fear'd,
 You'll die before the Child is rear'd :
 Therefore, we will Anticipate
 Two Thirds of Nature's usual Date,
 And ripen it at other Rate :
 So, when the fourscore Days are done,
 Expect a Daughter or a Son,
 If well ye watch each after Morn,
 Until ye find the Babe is born ;
 Whose Sex—we ha'n't agreed on quite,
 But shall before it comes to Light.

This said—the others walk'd away,
 But *Jove*, who had a *Dirge* to say,
 To sow some *Parsley-seeds*, did stay :
 An * Herb that Vigour gives to *Men*,
 And was accounted Holy then.

At their Return, good *Hircus* woke,
 And for the other Bottle spoke ;
 But *Goody*—now, was drowsy grown,
 And almost Earless as a Stone.
 Dull *Morpheus* clasp'd his Arms around her,
 And down she fell as flat as Flounder.

God save the Woman ! *Hircus* said,
 But sacred Sleep must be obey'd.
 I'll go myself, if I am able,
 And bring the *Cargoe* to the Table ;
 Which (tho' he totter'd in his Pace)
 He soon perform'd with no bad Grace,
 And crown'd with four the vacant Place.
 But *they* had drank enough before,
 And would not empty any more,
 Or longer stay, on any Score.

The next Thing now, was how to stow,
 Or where to keep the pregnant *Frow*,
 The fourscore Days she had to go.

* The good *Women* have an Aphorism—That *Parsley* will set a
 Man on Horseback ; but bring a Woman to her Grave.

But Priests are fraught with Artifice,
 And *one* full quickly thought of *this* :
 “ Beneath the Feet of *Jove* I'll lie,
 “ And Dream of something—by and by,
 “ That shall contribute to our Ease,
 “ And no one in the least Displease.”

Accordingly to Sleep he went,
 And early in the Morning sent
 For all the People to assemble,
 Before the Portal of the *Temple*,
 To hear what was reveal'd to him,
 By *Jove* the Thund'rer, in a Dream.

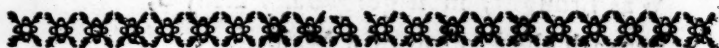
The People being come before
 The Temple's consecrated Door,
 The artful Dreamer, on a Chest,
 The list'ning Rabble, thus address'd :
 “ O Men and Brethren ! hearken well,
 “ To what I am (inspir'd) to tell :
 “ His Godship sends you word by me,
 “ That, 'tis his Pleasure and Decree,
 “ To have young *Lais*, for a Maid.
 “ And Gods ye know must be obey'd.
 “ So, deck the Damsel, something fine,
 “ And bring her straightway to the Shrine.”

Thus, *Lais*, with no little Honour,
 (The Wench who bore the Burden on her)

Was brought, most gorgeously array'd,
 Beneath the Notion of a Maid,
 Within the Temple to reside;
 Where she her Belly well might hide.
 And being safely gotten there,
 Where none else ever dar'd appear,
 The Parsons kept her, 'till a Boy,
 Their Craft did once again employ,
 To send *him* to the Pissing-place——
 And *Parsley-bed* of Goody Grace:
 Where *she* next Morning found the Lad,
 And joyful, brought him to his Dad,
 Who was *poor Wittol*, woundy glad,
 To have a Son—no matter how,
 Since *Grace* and *he* had Issue now;
 Which, they took Care abroad to broach,
 That it might wipe off their Reproach,
 Which, they'd for sev'n * Olympiades
 Endur'd, with Scorn of mocking-Blades..

Orion—thus from pissing came,
 And from the *Urine* got his Name:
 And ever since—to find an *Heir*,
 We dig the *Parsley-bed* with Care.

* An *Olympiad* was the Space of Four Years; at the Return of which, were held the Olympick Games, so famous in former Times, that the *Grecians* took their Computation of Years from thence; as we do ours from the Birth of Christ.



E P I G R A M.

The Grapes that hang so high are sour.

A Lovely Face and charming Mien,
And such a Shape as few have seen,
Has pretty *Peggy* on the Green.

But, what of that, pray? Is she kind?
Fair is the beauteous Orange-rind,
But all the Sweetness lies behind.



Addressed to Lady BETTY BERTIE.

A S O N G.

I.

A POLLO, shining God of Verse,
The lovely *Sylvia's* Praise rehearse;
My Lays are low, and can't proclaim
The matchless *Sylvia's* deathless Fame.

II.

For she, in such a Sphere does shine,
A Sphere above the tuneful Nine,
That only thou, exalted Light,
Can'st justly praise a Nymph so bright.

III. Then,

III.

Then, honest, zealous, homely Muse,
To lower Flights contract thy Views;
And to the God transmit the Care
Of praising that almighty Fair.



The OLD MAID and her TABBY CAT.

AS Margery by the Fire sat,
To warm her **** and stroak her Cat,
The watchful Brute untimely spies,
Or *smelt* a Rat betwixt her Thighs :
With Courage keen she gave a Spring,
And fix'd her Talons in the *Thing*,
So fierce that hadn't the harmless Vermin
Been cloath'd in Furs—as thick as Ermine,
Remorseless Pufs had stopp'd its Breath,
And brought it to a cruel Death.





S C U F F L E:

OR THE

JEALOUS LAWYER overcome by his
CRAFTY JILT.

I.

YOUNG *Jenny* the Wanton, a Miss of Eighteen,
Well skill'd in the Arts of Delusion,
Was kept by old *Maynard* who long Time had been,
The Agent of Strife and Confusion,
With Jealousy pester'd, he came to her Room,
One Day like a Bully in Anger,
And broke down the Door with the Staff of a Broom,
And vow'd he'd sufficiently Bang Her.

II.

He call'd her false Jilt, and he made a full Blow,
Which miss'd her, but hit—down her China;
So fierce was the Onset—he mangled the Foe,
And mashed a few into a many,
He tumbled down also, and helpless he lay,
Whilst *Jane* was in triumph to see it;
She stri'd him like * *Trulla*, and swore he should stay
'Till *Doomsday*, unless he'd agree it.

* The Heroine in *Hucobras*.

III.

The Lawyer thus humbled, soon bridled his Rage,
 Rebuking with more Moderation;
 Concluding it prudenter far to assuage
 Her Anger—than urge Indignation.
 But she—who had got the Advantage, averr'd
 He should die—for his insolent Usage,
 And go to the Devil, and with a Hag Herd,
 To purge him of jealous Accusage.

IV.

But ere you depart, said she, make your Confession,
 To me—that's as Chaste as a Priest,
 Of each jolly, in and each simple Transgression,
 That after in Peace you may Rest,
 With Conscience disburden'd descend to the Shades,
 And Brawl it at *Minos's* Bar,
 Where, often, I've read, of your calling there Trades,
 Some thousands—but honest far.

V.

The Lawyer ask'd Pardon, and said his Deserts
 Ne'er merited such cruel Usage;
 And if she'd exempt him from any more Hurts,
 He'd make her amends for Abuse.
 At length she agreed to't, and took Affidavit,
 But not without taking his Gold;
 Well knowing his Conscience so tender to save it,
 All Oaths in the World wou'dn't hold.

VI. Which

VI.

Which made them as friendly as ever they'd been,
 Diffention immediately ceas'd;
 The next Fray they had—on the Bed was a Scene,
 At the Counsellor's earnest Request.
 And whilst he there dally'd, she ask'd him how he
 For nothing such Rumours could raise,
 "Tho' you at the World and its Cares troubled be,
 "My Bosom should calm such Assays."

VII.

Besides, had I Guilty been, whose was the Crime?
 Your Negligence must be the Cause.
 What Woman supinely would waste out her Prime,
 And suffer her Pleasures to Pause?
 A Harmony just—there's betwixt our two Callings,
 We both of us live by Deceit;
 I gain by fresh Lovers, as you by fresh Brawlings,
 And both our Designs are to Cheat.

VIII.

Whilst you to your Client the Laws ill expound,
 And tell him a wrong Cause is right,
 His Enemy's Dawb does your Learning confound,
 And its Greatness eclipses your Sight.
 So I—when you're busy, and out of the Way,
 And can meet with a glist'ring Bribe,
 The Priviledge use which I lawfully may,
 As well as the Rest of the Tribe.

CHLOE'S THEFT,

AND

CUPID'S LOSS.

I.

AS wanton *Cupid* idly lay,
Reclining o'er a River;
The lovely *Chloe* came that Way,
And stole his Bow and Quiver.

II.

Chloe, who ne'er had felt the Smart
Of *Cupid*, but defy'd him,
Resolv'd to keep his Bow and Dart,
Whatever did betide him.

III.

The little, busy, playful God,
So pleas'd was with the Water,
He never heard her when she trod,
Nor miss'd his Arms, 'till after.

IV.

'Till *Venus*, who admiring sat
In Heav'n, and saw the *Charmer*,
Cry'd out—you careless, senseless Brat!
Fair *Chloe*'s got your Armour.

V. With

V.

With this alarm'd, he look'd around,
 And saw her at a Distance,
 Which made him fly as swift as sound,
 And beg Mamma's Assistance.

VI.

He soon o'ertook the beauteous Thief,
 Who subtly had conceal'd 'em ;
 But from his Speed found no Relief,
 Nor Yet—where she had veil'd 'em.

VII.

He vex'd and search'd from Top to Toe, A
 For *Chloe* gave Permission ;
 But finding neither Dart nor Bow,
 He was in sad Condition.

VIII.

He hung his Lip, and feign'd a Cry,
 To move fair *Chloe's* Pity,
 But—to his Grief, he found her nigh,
 As Cruel as she's Pretty.

IX.

The Goddess vex'd to see her Son,
 Abus'd by such a Gypsy,
 Her Chariot call'd, and tumbld down,
 As if she had been Tipsy.

X.

And taking Culprit by the Wing,
 She led him to an Ally,
 See here—you Block-head ! see this *Thing*,
 She said—and shew'd a Valley :

XI.

(A Valley fenc'd with fable Moss,
Within—as Red as Cherry,
Long and capacious too it was,
And not unlike a Wherry.)

XII.

A Place like this, has *Chloe* got;
Which if you had but fought in,
You'd found your Bow, and Captive brought,
The Engine it was caught in.

XIII.

CUPID though, as the Poets tell,
And Painters draw's a small one,
So, if his Bow's proportion'd well,
'Tis not a very TALL one.

XIV.

But when the God, the Vale had view'd,
He started at the Feature
Of something, which he cry'd was hued
And fashion'd like a Creature.

XV.

A Creature too, of horrid Shapes,
Why ha'n't it got a Mouth, eh?
That like a nestling Cormorant gapes,
That famish'd is, and drowthy?

XVI.

And has a matted Beard—which seems,
If I am not mistaken,
The Eye-brow which was *Polyphemus*'s,
And by *Ulysses* braken.

XVII.

It must be so—it looks so Red,
 The *Grecian* push'd the White out;
 But tho' it's Blind it is not Dead,
 Nor is the *Humour* quite out.

XVIII.

You foolish Brat! the Goddess said,
 Go, do as I have bid you;
 You need not be of *that* afraid,
 For there'll no Ill betid' you.

XIX.

For tho' it looks a little Grim,
 To you, who are a Stranger,
 It gladfome Smiles bestows on him,
 Who thinks there is no Danger.

XX.

Quoth *Cupid*, as you know my Case,
 You should advise more kindly,
 For should I look such *Things* i'th' Face,
 With my weak Eyes—they'd blind me.

XXI.

Why Sirrah! said the Goddess, warm'd,
 Your Talk is somewhat wildish.
 It is by *this* Mankind are charm'd;
 Then pray don't be so childish.

XXII.

It's Man's Desire, and Woman's Pride,
 The Source from whence are flowing
 Love, Joy, and twenty Things beside,
 That are in it's bestowing.

XXIII. Then,

XXIII.

Then, Men are Fools, quoth he, to doat

Upon so foul a Fancy,

A *Thing* all Mouth and shaggy Coat,

Like Monsters bred beyond Sea :

XXIV.

And so—was our great Bully *Jove*,

When he was Woman making,

Or else he'd fill'd up that wide Cove,

And not have left a Lake in.

XXV.

You us'd to tell me, when I cry'd,

That *Bloody-bones* should take me,

And *Rawhead* with his Jaws as wide,

Would but one Mouthful make me :

XXVI.

Is this the dreadful Bugbear then,

With which you us'd to fright me?

If so, Mamma, pray shut the Den,

Or may be, it will bite me.

XXVII.

The Goddess vex'd with such Delays,

Was almost fit to beat him ;

And vow'd, unless he went his Ways,

The *Thing* should also eat him.

XXVIII.

Cupid, so daunted was with *that*,

Which now he thought gap'd wider,

And look'd as angry as a Cat,

And pois'nous as a Spider :

XIX. That

XXIX.

That thence he flew—in hopes the Fair,
Might have *one* somewhat milder,
But, to his Wonder and Despair,
It look'd a great deal wilder.

XXX.

The nonplus'd Boy astonish'd stood,
To see so fine a Creature,
In all Parts else so well endow'd,
Have such a monstrous Feature.

XXXI.

(For when he search'd the Nymph before,
His nicest Inquisition
Was superficial, and no more,
So miss'd the frightful Vision.

XXXII.

For lest the prying Rogue should find
This Place, and all Discover,
She stooping, turn'd it quite behind,
And bilk'd the little Rover.)

XXXIII.

Quoth he, bright Nymph, by Duty press'd,
I come with Fear and Trembling,
With Tides of Grief that swell my Breast,
Past any ones Dissembling.

XXXIV.

Therefore let Pity BEAUTY move,
And you, for your good Nature,
Shall quickly from the God of Love,
Receive Rewards much greater.

XXXV. Re-

XXXV.

Release from Durance: grim, my Bow,

Where *Venus* says, you've hid it,

And where, the Vows, she'll make me go,

And *vi et Armis* rid it.

XXXVI.

The Nymph, to see the God in Tears,

Was pleasantly affected,

A Triumph now, around appears,

That *Cupid* ne'er suspected.

XXXVII.

Her glowing, Cheeks the Rose excell'd,

And ev'ry Pulse beat higher,

Her Breasts like Ivory Globes were swell'd,

Her Eye-balls sparkled Fire.

XXXVIII.

Her Joy, at length, to Raptures grown,

Laid ev'ry Sense a Sleeping,

She laugh'd awhile—and then fell down,

Regardless of her * Hipping,

XXXIX.

Which flew disorder'd, out of Place,

And did more plain Discover

The Thing—which star'd him full i'th' Face,

Stark naked then, all over;

* *Hipping* is an old Word for Petticoat; or the Garment that cover the Hips; and is now used in that Sense in the Western Counties.

And

XL.

And gave the God as fair a View
 As he could well desire,
 Of both the Gaol and Prisoners too,
 Yet durst not venture nigher.

XLI.

Affix'd to Earth, he gazing stood,
 As if he'd seen a Gorgon,
 Or metamorphos'd into Wood,
 With neither Breath nor Organ.

XLII.

And wish the Dev'l would then come by,
 As he was wont, *a Nutting*,
 And lend him his long Hook to try
 To pull out what she'd put in :

XLIII.

Or some kind Angler with his Rod,
 Would, in that lucky Minute,
 Appear in Sight, and help a God
 Of Pow'r disarm'd, to win it.

XLIV.

But finding no such friendly Aid,
 And vain his Invocation,
 Supine and Breathless still the Maid,
 Advanc'd with Desperation.

XLV.

And being near the dang'rous Place,
 And ready just to enter,
 She sprung a *Mine* in *Cupid's* Face,
 And spoil'd the God's Adventure.

XLVI.

A *Mine* unmanly and unfair,
Against the Law of Nations,
Not to be read of any where,
And found in no Relations.

XLVII.

Which neither Powder was, nor Shot,
Nor Shells, but liquid Matter,
That issu'd out almost as hot
As Fire—or scalding Water.

XLVIII.

And had a poisonous Stench that smelt
Like Salt-fish or Red Herring,
Enough to kill, without being felt,
And past an Infant's bearing.

XLIX.

Poor baffled *Cupid* delug'd thus,
Cry'd Murder ! Mammy, Murder !
I'm lam'd and blinded by the Puffs,
And can advance no further.

L.

Which wak'd the Nymph—who 'rose in haste,
With conscious Blushes painted,
That ev'ry Beauty doubly grac'd,
Like Rays which Deck the Sainted.

LI.

She saw th' Advance, and fear'd the Blow
Of *Venus's* Resentment,
So freed from Durance, Dart and Bow,
And gave the God Contentment.

LII. For

LII.

For *Venus*—who Incog' saw all,
 Was much enrag'd at *Chloe*,
 And both her Doves did soundly mawl,
 For galloping so slowly.

LIII.

But *Cupid* Interposing—said,
 Mamma, it's in my Power
 To punish now, the impious Maid,
 And with a Curse endow her.

LIV.

With what she stole, I'll wound her Heart,
 And make her fore repent it ;
 Or may I feel myself the Smart ;
 So charg'd his Bow and bent it.

LV.

But she'd so wet the feeble String,
 It fail'd the pointed Arrow,
 The Flight fell short and lost the Sting,
 That was elected for her.

LVI.

With Triumph new, the Nymph beheld,
 The angry Arrow fainting,
 The Fury of his Bow repell'd,
 And *Venus* him attainting.

LVII.

Which made him blush, and bend again,
 To Please his angry Mother,
 Th' extremest Joy and Hate restrain,
 That had possess'd each other.

LVIII.

But *Chloe*, wisely fearing now,
His Armour might be drier,
Advanc'd to seize the wrathful Bow,
And so prevent its Ire.

LIX.

But Giants—when they undertook,
To make a War with Heaven,
By *Jove* alone were Thunder-struck,
And under Mountains driven.

LX.

So LOVE, by her Presumption mov'd,
Resolv'd to disappoint her,
And into her fair Fingers shov'd,
Instead thereof, a *Nointer*.

LXI.

For *Strephon*, who was come in Search
Of *Chloe*, was behind her,
Instructed, *that Way*, on the March,
To make the cold one kinder.

LXII.

Which *Chloe* grasp'd with all her Strength,
Deceiv'd by Transformation,
And thrust in Covert all the Length,
For selfish Preservation.

LXIII.

But missing her intended Mark,
Th' Imposter prov'd an ill one,
And play'd—the Devil in the Dark,
Enough almost to kill one;

D

LXIV. More

LXIV.

More like a Serpent than a Bow,
 With pois'nous rank Emission,
 Which, from his Sting did strongly flow,
 And baffled the Physician.

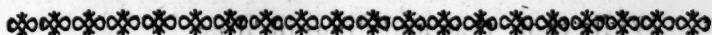
LXV.

For none the Venom could expel,
 'Till Nature did the Business,
 But ev'ry Day inclin'd to swell,
 And gave her great Uneasiness.

LXVI.

'Till Time that ripens ev'ry Thing,
 And made her almost stupid,
 The suff'ring Maiden's Care to King,
 Brought forth another *Cupid*.





Many MEN *have many* MINDS:

A Rhapsody and good ADVICE.

THE glorious Sun is not so bright,
Nor is the Milky-way so White,
As that enchanting White and Red,
By which I'm bound and Captive led!
Not all the glistering Stars that grace
The sparkling Cheeks of Heaven's Face,
Can Influence like the killing Eyes
Of *Myra*, Queen of Deities.

Q U E R I S T.

But what of that, pray—is she kind?
How stands the shining Damsel's Mind?
The Sun and Stars and Milky-way,
To all are common ev'ry Day:
So raptur'd Friend thy Transports spare,
And let some *Grissel* Crown thy Care.
For where so many Charms combine,
To make a Mortal seem Divine,
The Fops and Fools will all Unite,
To rob your Gem of all that's Bright:

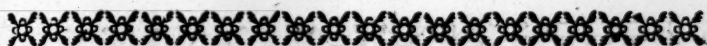
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Or

Many

Or raise her Pride to such a Pitch,
As will deform her to a Witch.
While those that undistinguish'd go,
Will love the more for being so :
To thy indulgent Wish they'll bend,
And love indulgent to the End :
And by good Nature doubly pay,
Their Want of Sunshine ev'ry Day.



*To a S C O L D.*

ENough! enough! thou damn'd, eternal Scold!
What! will thy deafning Clack thus ever hold!
Will nought appease thy vile, detracting Rage,
That Wars with ev'ry Reputation wage?
Nor Nothing tire thy base, unruly Tongue,
Which more than Sixty Years has Scandal rung!
And spar'd no Sex or Age! nor High, nor Low!
The Guilty, nor the Guiltless, Friend nor Foe!
Have some Remorse—and cease, O! cease, for Shame!
To murder thus, thy honest Neighbour's Fame,
And Harpy-like devour thy Friend's good Name. }
Close thy polluted Lips—and hide the Place,
From whence proceed such Torrents of Disgrace!
Lock in the Poison of thy irksome Breath,
And spare the harmless Hogs thou stink'st to Death!
Howe'er, old worthless, toothless, cast-off Dame,
Whom neither P—x nor Poverty could tame, }
Nor drudging in a Stew to all that came,
If still thou art resolv'd to rave and scold,
And not by Admonition be controul'd,
Persist—but spare the Character of me,
By all the World unblemish'd, saving Thee;
Or else a Satire I'll against thee write,
Shall make thee hang thy ugly self for Spite!
And all the World thy tattling Talent tell,
While thou'rt creating civil Wars in Hell.



THE
TELL-TALE PUNISHED:
OR THE
GROOM BEPISSED.

NOT far from *Woodstock*, on a pleasant Green,
Where Fairies often Dance—tho' seldom seen,
The Country Maidens met, to dance the *Hay*,
To welcome Summer and the Month of *May*.
Peggy was one, the sweetest, fairest Lass,
That ever tended Flock, or tripp'd on Grass;
Who being something fated with the Pleasure,
And urg'd by Nature for a little Leisure,
Unmifs'd retired to a lonely Room,
Where lay, unseen, the 'Squire's drunken Groom.
Beneath the Bed whereon the Rustick lay,
Was plac'd an useful Urn of Milk-white Clay,
Which, the warm Nymph with ready Hand apply'd
To a fair Fountain, by a Forest Side,
Ordain'd by Nature for a private End,
To humble Pride and make the Stubborn bend.
But—in the Middle of the grand Affair,
Not thinking any Mortal could be there,
She saw the Centaur resurrect and stare.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd and startled at the sudden Vision,
She scream'd—as if she saw an Apparition.
Down went the *Jordan* with destructive Throw,
And delug'd all the level Grounds below.

Like *Daphne*, flying from the God of Day,
The fairer *Peggy*, frighten'd, flew away.
But O! the cruel Swain—by Print of Shoes,
The harmless Virgin, like a Hound, pursues;
And in the Circle of the rural Fair,
With Aggravation, did her Shame declare:
Expecting to create a Mirth in all
The merry Members of the Country Ball.

But he—rash, empty Fool! had never read
Of what was plac'd upon *Atton's* Head,
For daring thus prophanely to invade,
The sacred Covert of a naked Maid.

Their ruddy Cheeks, *before*, almost on Fire,
By just-Resentment—now, were redden'd higher;
And all their Voices did in *one* combine,
To give the Varlet wat'ry Discipline;
For bringing female Mysteries to View,
Among a Company of Females too.
Some—pleaded strongly for the Ducking-stool,
Others—for Pumping of the babbling Fool,
'Till one, *more gay*, a hum'rous Project press'd,
Which much exceeded—as it pleas'd the Rest.

Extended on his Back they laid him down,
 And ty'd his Hands together o'er his Crown;
 Then staking his Extremes, fast bound, to Earth,
 The Curtain drew, and they began their Mirth.

With stately Stalk that mimick'd strolling Play'rs,
 Or like Queen * *Emma*, o'er the hot Plough Shares,
 The sportive Damsels, o'er the prostrate Victim,
 Stepp'd nine Times, each—and after, soundly kick'd him.
 And then—to change the graver Scene to Mirth,
 The fair Projectrix fork'd him to the Earth,
 And almost joining B——ds—let something fall,
 That Maids by various Appellations call :

And as in Summer, on the Road, we see
 A stinking, plashy Place beneath a Tree,
 Where Waggon-horses chuse to stop and Stale,
 And drunken Drivers, to discharge their Ale;
 The other pretty Maids did amply Scatter
 On his foul Front, some Pails of precious Water.

Thus, fous'd and bound--they left the Tell-tale Dog,
 Like—but less favoury than a scalded Hog,
 Or some poor drowned Devil in a Bog.

* Queen *Emma*, Mother to *Edward the Confessor*, went barefoot
 and blindfold over Nine red-hot Plough-shares, to purge herself of a
 Crime, laid to her Charge.

ON AN

IRISH ALE-DRAPER.

*That called himself a Scot) who buried his Wife in
an old Collegiate Church, under a Latin Inscription.*

I.

THE Truth a thousand Times deny'd,
Thy Land a thousand Times bely'd,
To cast thee now unite ;

Thy very Brogue in this alone,
The *Irish* Joy has clearly shown,
And fet the World aright.

II.

To hide thy Hostess thus, O Hone !
Beneath a Pagan *Latin* Stone,

Is worse than heathen *Greek* ;
And makes us grieve to see thee lay,
Such Learning on such unlearn'd Clay,
That scarce could *English* speak.

III.

No more must *Scotland* boast thy Birth,
Or thou belie the *Scottish* Earth ;

Hibernia claims thy Wit,
Which, she, not thinking you'd abuse,
Did only let you out to use,
But gave you not a Bit.

D 5

IV. Then.

IV.

Then get the Belman to compose
 An Epitaph in *English* Prose,
 That may inform thy Neighbours,
 In what remote and hidden Nook,
 They may thy Wife's Sepulchre look,
 And not thus lose their Labours :

V.

Who vainly now, the Church survey,
 From Post to Pillar, ev'ry Day,
 To find her by her Betters ;
 As not suspecting in the least,
 You'd have her buried like a Priest,
 Beneath such Popish Letters.



FULLER'S EPITAPH of BALDWIN.
the First, King of Jerusalem;

Paraphrased at Twelve Years Old.

BALDWIN, another Maccabee for Might,
The Church, the State, and ev'ry Man's Delight;
Of whom th' Egyptian Soldan was afraid,
And whom Damascus tributary made;
Is now—no more! by Death, alone, o'ercome,
By all lamented—lies within this Tomb.

*Written in a LADY's Pocket-Book, dropp'd
in an Arbour.*

CAN Gold or Gems diffuse the Charm,
Or Poison print so deep a Harm,
As those two dazzling Suns of thine,
That sting and gladden as they Shine?



*A short DIALOGUE that passed between a wild
young BATCHELOR and a witty WIDOW.*

BATCHELOR.

HAD I been *Jove*, and Mortals made,
I'll tell you what, dear Madam,
The Females all had Men, obey'd,
Or *Pluto* should have had 'em,
Each Hero should have had a Bolt
Of such constraining Thunder,
As would have punish'd their Revolt,
And made them all knock under.

WIDOW.

A Blockhead's *Bolt* is quickly shot,
But if I'm not mistaken,
You—ne'er an *one* of *Jove*'s have got,
Nor are you of his making.
For want of which, poor poultry Clay!
Who think, we act so evil,
I'd see you hang'd before I'd lay
With such an ill-made, awkward Devil.



EPI TAPH

A Worthy Woman lies here-under,
Sound! sound her Praise as loud as Thunder!
She could not scold—i'n't that a Wonder?

Nor ever Peal to any Rung,
Nor gave ill Words to Old or Young,
For she was born—without a Tongue.





E P I T H A L A M I U M,

To a FRIEND.

I.

HOW happy a State does the Bridegroom possess,
 Whom *Hymen* with Beauty and Riches does bless?
 His Life is a Circle of multiply'd joys,
 Which charmingly thus interwoven ne'er Cloys.

II.

Thus blest'd with a Consort both Morning and Night,
 He varies his Pleasure and swims in Delight,
 Each Moment produces a Joy that is new,
 And Transports unnumber'd each other pursue.

III.

The Epicure's Pleasure can never exceed,
 Such Pleasure as this—which is Pleasure indeed;
 When Beauty is wanting his Flaggons of Wine,
 Serve only to shew he's chang'd into a Swine.





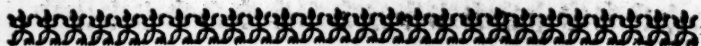
*The following Lines were sent to the Bar-keeper
of a Tavern, soon after his going to Oxford.*

DEAR *Nancy*, you've made such a Hole in my Heart,
That a Farmer may almost drive thorough his
Cart;

So wounded and love-sick I find myself now,
I look like the four-legged Son of a Cow :
The *Fellows* all Flout me—and *Batchelors* Laugh,
To see me thus chang'd—from a Man to a Calf.

Restore me dear *Nancy*, and fill up the Hole,
And let me not languish in Body and Soul :
And to make you amends, I will fill up for you,
A Hole—not so wide, but yet, wide enough too.





*On seeing these Two Lines on a Window in the
same Tavern.*

“Dolly Cope has a —— as black as a Coal;
“A —— worth a Kingdom, but it has no Hole.”

He under-wrote the following Lines.

IF, Nixy, what you write, be true,
Your Readers must lament with you;
But had you something farther sought,
Your Search would not have been for Nought,
And well attended to the View,
You'd doubtless found a Hole—or two:
But as this is—beneath the Rose,
Bring Nothing near it but your Nose.





TO
LORD DORSET:
An EPISTLE.

THAT you may know how I have spent,
The Time in *Cornwal*, where I went
To stay with *Mobun*, about a Week,
I send you this, a Part to speak.

The Itch of Rambling, which prevails,
In all Degrees from Heads to Tails,
Even from Dukes to wand'ring Jews,
And those that make our Hats and Shoes;
Remote a Mile had me misled,
And in a Borough run my Head,
A *Cornish* Borough, of some Station,
Who Thatchers send to Tax the Nation.

The Wine prov'd good—the Ev'ning rainy,
And Fumes producing Maggots many,
Unknown—I stopp'd all Inquisition,
By Christ'ning of myself, *Physician*;
A Function that they much Revere,
Throughout the County far and near:

Where

Where Quacks sell Powders, Plaisters, Pills,
 To cure the Lame and Sick-man's Ills,
 But no one cures, nor no one kills. }

My Fame next Morning being spread,
 I found when I got out of Bed,
 The House half full of Sick and Lame,
 That thither for my Med'cines came.
 But having ne'er a Packet ready,
 I set my Visage mighty steady,
 And thus harangued—good Friends, the Boon
 Of each I'll grant i'th' Afternoon :
 For—at the Place where last I stay'd,
 I'd such an unexpected Trade,
 I sold off all the Things I'd made. }

The Croud dismiss'd—I shav'd and dres'd,
 And sent my Agents out in Quest,
 Of Wax and Weeds, and Chandler's Shops,
 Where might be purchas'd some Slip-flops ;
 Of which, was such a Medley made,
 As would have puzzled all the Trade.

Thus furnish'd—I was quickly able,
 Instead of Stage, to mount a Table :
 And having bow'd—and look'd about,
 I thus address'd the list'ning Rout :
 Good Friends,———

———Exposing thus to View
 My Person, Parts, and Med'cines too,

Looks

Looks like the Quacks who stroll about,
To bite the Poor and vulgar Rout,
Devoid of any just Pretence
To Physick, Honesty, or Sense;
Supplying their Defects, you know,
With idle Boast and empty Show;
A bullying Strut, a brazen Face,
A Hat and Waistcoat edg'd with Lace,
Bought of a Footman out of Place. }
But I—who have, as 'twill appear,
No such Design in coming here,
No int'rest or self-ended View,
But Love of Med'cine—and of you;
Having in Land a large Estate,
And Sums of Money very great;
Have Hopes you'll construe my Intent,
No other than Benevolent.
Therefore, no canting wild Oration, }
No coaxing, wheedling Invitation }
I use—to gain your Estimation. }
The Cause thus shewn—I now proceed, }
To shew th' Effect and do the Deed, }
To every one that stands in need. }
But tho' my Fortunes are so large,
They can't alone sustain the Charge
Which I, for publick Good expend,
In being ev'ry Sick-man's Friend;
Tho' I'll assure ye I've a Will,
Fully respondent to my Skill:

Therefore,

Therefore, beg Pardon, to Premise,
 My Drugs being all of costly Price,
 I must expect from such as they,
 Whose Stations can afford to pay,
 Something—for Charges on the Way,
 As to the Poor—who Nothing have,
 In Pity I shall Nothing crave,
 Who, to my Chamber may apply,
 And be assisted by and by.

Imprimis, here's a Box of Pills,
 That yield Relief for any Ills,
 Tho' ne'er so stubborn, old or stout,
 They're sure to chase the Evil out,
 Tho't be the Plague or Pox, or Gout.
 And tho'. some, likely, may suspect
 They can't have such a large Effect,
 And take such universal Place
 On ev'ry Person, ev'ry Case,
 Yet being a Quintessence of all
 The Things of this Terraqueous Ball,
 And some—that e'en from Heav'n do fall;
 I hope they'll let their Judgments join
 With *Harvey's*, *Sidd'nham's*, *Brown's* and mine.

Item, observe this Stone, good People :
 Should one fall down from yonder Steeple,
 And bruise his Head, or Arms, or Belly,
 Or beat his Body to a Jelly,

This

This would restore him with a Touch,
 Altho' the Hurt was e'er so much,
 Prevent at once his spitting Blood,
 And vessel all th' erratick Flood,
 Which, without doubt, on such Occasion,
 Must suffer great Extravafation ;
 By taking in *Madeira* Wine,
 A Scruple—powder'd very fine.

The Virtues of this precious *Stone*,
 To all the Ancients were unknown— ;
 And on its first Discov'ry sold
 For Eighty Times its Weight in Gold ;
 And now, the Scarcity is such,
 It often yields one half as much :
 The Reason is—it only grows
 Within an Alligator's Nose,
 And must be took from him alive,
 Or else the Virtues don't survive.

NEXT—here's my sov'reign *Balsam*, which
 (Altho' it looks as black as Pitch)
 Is made of ev'ry Thing that's rich :
 A *Secret*, that has long been lost,
 And not restor'd without great Cost :
 Potent for Wounds tho' e'er so great,
 And is so wholesome 't may be eat ;
 Only, its very costly Meat.
 As to your flight, inferior Cuts,
 A broken Head, or prick i'th' Guts,

You

You need but only shew this * *Roll*,
 And you'll soon find yourselves made whole:
 And fractur'd Skulls and broken Bones,
 Require dressing only once.
 A famous General, who in Fight
 Had both his Legs lopp'd off, out-right,
 And was a bloody, ghastly Sight!
 Remounted was, by this alone,
 And solder'd—Flesh and Blood, and Bone,
 As firm as tho' 't had ne'er been done.

Lastly—my Friends, behold i'th' Rear,
 The Tincture of the Stars appear!
 So efficacious—half a Drop
 Will give expiring Life a Prop,
 And make the fleeting Vitals stop;
 Restore the Patient's pristine Vigour,
 In half a Moment's Time—or quicker.

Thus *Balsam, Tincture, Stone and Pill*,
 Afford you Help for ev'ry Ill,
 Without imploring other Skill.
 And tho' they're worth, at least, ten Pounds,
 I ask for ten—but two Half Crowns.
 Not that ye really can suppose
 Such rare and costly Things as those,
 Produc'd by Sea and Earth and Air,
 I could for such a Price prepare,

* *Roll of Balsam,*

But

But I've a publick Done for you,
And other generous Motives too,
That prompt me strongly so to do.
I can't, while I have Pow'r to cure,
See any Mortal Pain endure,
Nor none, who've any Bowels, sure.

With this my long-ear'd Audience threw
Their Hats and Gloves—and Money too;
And quickly took off all my Store,
Displeasing others—I'd no more,
Who deem'd themselves unfortunate,
To be depriv'd at such a Rate.
So that, to make them Satisfaction,
They forc'd me on a new Transaction,
To throw the Money I had taken
Among the Mob—by Handfuls shaken.

In Triumph and a loud Huzza,
Towards my Room I made my Way,
With full Design to end the Jest,
And drink a Bottle of the Best:
But *there*, I found a *Posse* strong;
Of Rich and Poor and Old and Young,
That did the Interlude prolong.
Among the Rest—an ancient Dame,
Whose Phiz was Sear, and Limbs were Lame,
That neither up nor down could find,
A Passage for the pent-up Wind;

In plaintive Tone; with Gold in Fist,
 Begg'd, me her grumbling Guts t'affist.
 After I'd drench'd her well with Ale
 And Nitre mix'd—to make her *Stale*,
 And thrust some Stingo up her Snout,
 I made her Sneeze and Reel about,
 And found from both Extremes together,
 Such dreadful Peals of windy Weather,
 That put me in a Peck of Fears,
 To see the House about my Ears;
 She chang'd to quite another Creature,
 And mended much in Limb and Feature.

The next was one with such a Face,
 As plainly spoke her sickly Case;
 Of Stature tall, of Years sixteen,
 The palest Object ever seen,—
 By Sickness *White*—tho' call'd the *Green*;
 Who Oatmeal, Cinders, Chalk and Wall,
 Eat ev'ry Day, the Dev'l and all.

The Father swore the Wench had Worms,
 Her Mother—that 'twas want of T——;
 And to my Judgment did appeal,
 If what she'd spoken was not real.

Confus'd with such uncloath'd Discourse,
 I stood as mute as *Martin's Horse*,
 Unable to lug out Reply,
 Or think of one officious Lie,

That

That might appear with any Grace,
 A very inconvenient Space ;
 And then a halting Sentence came,
 So very Stiff and very Lame,
 That any one with any Wit,
 Might quickly see, they both were bit,
 And that—I'd neither Skill nor Face,
 To cheat the Fools with any Grace :
 But they had each so thick a Skull——
 Of Emptiness so very full,
 They thought my Words however weak,
 Were *Latin, Hebrew, Welch or Greek,*
 Or something—which *they* could not speak,
 My Silence—but a proper Space
 To weigh with Care their Daughter's Case ;
 But never lighter Weight was given
 To ballance any Bubble even :
 At length—it came into my Head,
 That I had somewhere heard or read,
 That Steel was good in such a Case,
 And seldom fail'd of good Success ;
 So gravely wrote a *Recipe,*
 (For which, they offer'd me a Fee)
 And Satisfaction gave all *Three.*

The next—was one of Eighty-two,
 The fattest Dame I ever knew,
 Reputed Richer than a Jew ;

Whose Sight was gone to that Degree,
 She only Light and Fire could see,
 And was an unfit Cure for me.
 Of whom I might have had some Coin,
 Had Int'rest been my sole Design,
 As she was willing to bestow,
 A Brace of Hundred Pounds, or so,
 To any one that could restore,
 Her *precious Sight* as heretofore.

I gave Advice, and call'd it—*Age* :
 Which rais'd the Beldame's rusty Rage,
 To tell me I was very Bold,
 And not well-bred, to call her *Old*,
 Whose *Mother* was alive, and able
 To do the Honours of her Table,
 Trip many Times a Day up Stairs,
 And walk a Mile or more to Pray'rs.

Finding—her Rage encreas'd to Rapture,
 And like to be a damn'd long Chapter,
 I took my Horse, and so escap'd her.



A lank LAWYER having traduced his Lordship
in a miserable Copy of doggrel Verse, surnamed
a Lampoon, for writing the last Poem and
playing the Quack for his Diversion in Corn-
wall; the Noble Author sent him the follow-
ing Satire, by Way of Retaliation.

Foulest of Furies, Stygian Maid,

Aleto—I invoke thy Aid;

Inspire an injur'd Pen to pay

A Scribbler's Spite—his proper Way.

Say, angry Nymph, what hidden Cause

Could make *Tim* Ghastly leave his Law,

His *Writs of Right* and *Writs of Error*,

His *Trover*, *Trespass* and *Demurrer*,

His *Bonds* and *Deeds* and *Declarations*,

His *Affidavits*, *Informations*,

His *Bills* and *Answers* and *Decrees*,

And best beloved *Bills*—of Fees;

His Ale-house Urn and smoaky Pipe,

His Hostess fat—and double Tripe,

His footy Damsels *Joyce* and *Jane*,

The present Pride of *Drury-lane*;

To dip his Pen in Gall and *Greek*,
And irritate the *Muse* to speak,
The *Muse*—who meant a Harm to none,
Nor Harm to any yet has done.
For which—may all the sickly Train
Of Ills you count—but can't explain,
Unite their Force to plague your Peace,
And—'till your *Exit*, ne'er surcease.
May your Machine emaciate,
Ne'er know again a healthy State ;
The *Gout* perplex your Parts extreme ;
Your Breast and Sides with Stitches teem ;
Rheumatick Pains, like Pangs infernal,
Afflict your Back and Bones—diurnal ;
May your eroded Nose, now Rotten,
Be cover'd o'er with—ousing Cotton,
Your ghastly Cheeks, now flat and fallow,
Express a *Jaundice* much more yellow ;
Each Respiration of your Breath
Stink some unhappy Dog to Death !
Your Tongue—with Scandal now so nimble,
Have Sores—and Cells beyond a Thimble ;
And your two Blinkers be so Blind,
They ne'er may *Needham's* Cabbin find ;
Your Spindle Shanks no longer bear
Your Shotten-herring Carcass there.
May Frenzy seize your shatter'd Brain,
And never let you Rest again ;

Your

Your wither'd Arms, with Palsy dead,
Not lift an Ale-pot to your Head :
Nor may you any more be able,
To taste the Commons at your Table,
Altho' they have before been chew'd,
To sep'rate well the Part that's crude,
Which windy Vapours oft create,
That burst or bend the corporate State.

And when you've wasted out your Term,
And can't maintain a single Worm,
May your immortal Portion pass
To animate some Pedlar's Ass,
Who—overloaded with a Pack,
Rest, Food and Flesh does always lack.





*An IMPOSITION : On being found fuddled by the
Proctor whilst his Lordship was at Oxford.*

*An the ADVANTAGES and DISADVANTAGES
of DRUNKENNESS.*

THE Advantages of Drunkenness are—*none*.
The Disadvantages, are—Loss of Time ;
Loss of Health ; Loss of Money ; Loss of Reputation,
and sometimes Life.



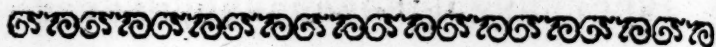
On being soon after in the same Situation, he was ordered to write Twenty Lines in Praise of DRUNKENNESS : Which were as follows.

DRUNKENNESS ! the noblest of the *Vices*, inspires us with brave and generous Sentiments; Sentiments—that lead to Glory, Fame and Immortality ! Divine Effect ! by thy invigorating Power the Astronomer descries new Worlds, and treads their Elevations 'till he finds himself a God ! Thy genial Influence made the Patriarch *Lot*, the Father of two powerful Nations ! By thy divine Assistance the mighty *Alexander*, for his drinking, justly called the *Great*, subdued the vast and habitable World, and obtained a Place among the immortal Gods ! By thy Omnipotence ; *Bacchus* conquered *India*, and the *Grecians* *TROY*. By Thee, the Soldier acquires Resolution, and the Lover Courage ! By thy inspiring Aid do Poets write, and Players sing !

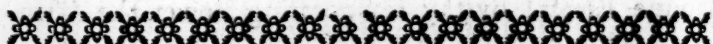
Then Hail immortal omni-giving Virtue !

With Error, rank'd

Among the vicious Tribes.

EPIGRAM *on a Sporting PARSON.*

THE Parson to the People says,
No Murder thou shalt do :
 Then takes his Gun—and goes his Ways,
 The Precept—was to *you*.



On the Same.

AS *Aaron* and his priestly Sons
 Were bloody Butchers, as they say,
 Why should not Parsons have their Guns,
 And all they meet with, kill and slay ?



REASON

REASON *and* DEMONSTRATION.

OLD * *Thomas a Clarkibus* liv'd in the Fen,
 And *Thomas* was one of your odd sort of Men.
 Poor *Thomas a Clarkibus* struggled with Pain,
 That tortur'd his Head and distemper'd his Brain.
 Now *Thomas's* Doctor prescrib'd for his Jole,
 A Plaister of *Flies*, to be laid in his Poll :
 But *Thomas*, to shew he was not such a Fool,
 Took leave to digress half an Ell from his Rule :
 And finding below, at that Distance, a Hole,
 Suppos'd it a properer Place than his Poll.
 But *Thomas a Clarkibus* still finding Pain,
 Set out to advise with his Doctor again ;
 And found him surrounded with Company gay,
 Fine Ladies and Gentlemen seeing a Play :
 Where *Thomas* complain'd of his Head—and his Tail,
 And told him the Plaister did no ways prevail.
 To lessen his Pain, or his Anguish beguile,
 For his *Bum* was as hot, and as sore as a Boil.

* This was a very odd old Fellow, that called himself after this Manner: And never spoke without adding *as*, *us* and *bus* to every Word, and fancied it look'd learned ; according the following Puff:
Ius amus Thomas a Clarkibus of Boroughfennybus.

The Doctor then ask'd him—if he had apply'd
The Blister, *by Blunder*, unto his *Backside*.

Sad *Thomas a Clarkibus* told him he had,
And shew'd the whole Company—where it was bad:
Say'ng, Doctor, my *Reason* was—here is a Hole
To let out the Pain—but there's none in my Poll.





To Mr. H E R B E R T.

A Friendly EPISTLE.

Dear JACK,

I Know by this Time you expect,
Of my Retirement, some Effect,
And wonder—some uncommon Sight,
Don't make me break my Mind, and write :
But, I've seen nothing since I came,
That's worthy Note or worthy Name ;
We sleep and wake, and then we dine,
Drink nappy Ale, and sometimes—Wine,
See Cows and Corn, and Sheep and Swine :
A constant Scene that has no Change,
But when I do *Southampton* range,
Which, is an ancient, well-built Town,
Of large Extent and some Renown ;
And standing on the open Sea,
Enjoys a useful, handsome Key ;
A Castle also and a Wall
That's pretty firm around it all.
Whither—on *Monday*, all alone,
I stroll'd on Foot, to meet a *Joan*,

Who

Who promis'd to be at the *Crown*
 And—shew me fundry Sights in Town:
 She prov'd most constant to her Word,
 And such sweet Favours did afford,
 That she the Proverb verify'd,
 And set the *Lady's Claim* aside.
 But you are marry'd—and have lost
 The Gift of Wh——g, to your Cost:
 So, I'll retrench my Love Adventure,
 And on the duller Sequel enter.

They shew you here—where King *Canute*
 Once kept his Court—and I went to't;
 The Sands too—where the royal Dane
 (Perswaded to Command the Main)
 Was by the Water overta'en;
 Which, shook his kingly Courage so,
 That in his Trowfers—he let so—
 Shewing his * Courtiers by that Sign,
 He was besh—t—but not divine.

* *Canutus* King of *England* and *Denmark* kept his Court at *Southampton*; whose Courtiers were such gross Flatterers as to endeavour to perswade him that he had more Power than was common to Mortals: But to shew them their Folly, he ordered a Chair to be set upon the Sands, and placing himself therein, commanded the Tide not to approach, any higher, to wet the Throne of its King: But the disobedient Tide rose higher and higher at every Surge, and made the King at last glad to run for it, to save his Life.

At

At *Eastgate*—stand as Centry there,
 A fierce, gigantick, ugly Pair
 With Looks so grim and so uncivil,
 That they're enough to fright the Devil !
 So tall—that we were told, they cou'd
 Pifs o'er the Town, and make it *Flood*,
 Whether the Tide was out or in,
 As heretofore it had been seen.
 One—fainted was, for his Renown
 In Arms and Almsdeeds to this Town ;
 For ev'ry Day a Sheep or Pig,
 Or else a Piece of Beef as big,
 With Bread and Beer proportionate
 He gave the Needy, at his Gate ;
 And ev'ry Year a Change of Raiment
 Was giv'n the Poor at his Defrayment.
 At any Time when Pagan Foes
 Did holy Mother Church oppose,
 Or *Danish* Pirates dar'd to land,
 Within the Reach of his Command,
 Single—against th' embattl'd Crew
Ascapart went, and conquer'd too.
 As I was told by my good Host,
 Who knew more of it—than a Post,
 For he had heard his Grandam tell,
 Her Father's Father saw his *Well*,
 Whose Water such great Virtues had,
 They cur'd the Lame and Sick and Mad.

The

The other Hero—no less fam'd,
 Was * *Hampton's* Earl, and *Beavois* nam'd;
 Who long the *Conq'ror's* Arms oppos'd,
 And from that Quarter kept his Host.

Within the Gate, where these two stand,
 There lies a Stone on either Hand;
 Which Stones—a Townsman there averr'd,
 Did weigh two Tuns, if not a third,
 And that these Giants, and some others,
 That were in Length and Strength their Brothers,
 As Bowls did use them on the Green,
 When they were in a merry Pin.

As here I stood—another Fellow,
 That seem'd to be near three Parts mellow;
 First begg'd my Pardon—then my Leave,
 To tell me—holding fast my Sleeve,
 How *Beavois* and his sainted Croney
 Were King—and first made leathern Money;
 And *how*—they liv'd soon after *Noah*,
 And built this ancient Town, and so—a,
 Was runing on for half a Day,
 But turning short—I slipp'd away,
 And put him quite beside his Play.

* *Southampton* is so called in that Country.

The Sun by this—had almost driven
His Horses down the West of Heaven,
And shot so faint and flat a Ray,
As made the East look mighty gray,
And me—to finish my Survey.

E P I S T L E

To a Gentleman in the City of Gloucester

A Tale is told in your Country, where the Church is
dedicated to St. Andrew, the military Bishop of
Ireland, has lately, that, for the
good of Religion, and the benefit of the
sick as possible.



For some time past, the Day has been
much neglected by the Parishioners; that the Bishop
and Clergy have been forced to make the publick
Prayers pray to themselves, which provoked the good
Lords to resolve to put the Law in Execution against
the Delinquents, and compel them to attend Divine
Service, or punish them for Neglect.

But the Ministers of his pious Majesty, who were
and begged he would fill and his Friends the Clergy
to try if a few vineyard Trees would not affect them
An



A N

E P I S T L E

To a Gentleman in the City of Gloucester.

AT a Place in your County, where the Church is dedicated to *St. Martin*, the military Bishop of *Tours*, has lately happened an Incident, that, for the good of Religion, I think ought to be made as publick as possible.

For some Time past, the Lord's Day has been so much neglected by the Parishioners, that the Parson and Clerk have been forced to make the publick Prayers privy to themselves; which provoked the *good Man* to resolve to put the Law in Execution against the Delinquents, and compel them to attend Divine Service, or stretch their Purse for Default.

But, the Meekness of his pious Helpmate interpos'd, and begged he would first send his Nuncio the Clerk, to try if a few vinegared Threats would not affect their
Hide-

Hide-bound Consciences, and recall them to their Duty.

She succeeded, and the Legate was dispatched, with full Powers to Exhort gently, Expostulate warmly, and Exclaim loudly ; and if those would not do—even Excommunication to Threaten and Pronounce.

After he had called—some of them Sons of Whores, and few of them out of their Names, they began to hearken to his Mission ; and promised to give their ready Attendance the next Church-going Day. With *this*, the Parson was pretty well appeased, in Hopes of their future Conformity without Force.

When *Sunday* came—the Bells, for a long Time, cry'd, *come to Church, come to Church!* but to the same No-Purpose ; for the poor Parson found himself as much alone as the Church Porch ; for the wicked Knaves, instead of coming thither to keep him Company, and Snore a Couple of Hours, had made a Parish-Meeting at the Clerk's House ; who, the Day before, but unknown to the Priest, had clapped up a new Sign : The elaborate Work of a travelling House-painter, without any perfect Resemblance of any Thing in Nature ; but determined, by an elegant Inscription beneath, that sufficiently made amends for any Defect in the Form above : which ran thus :

Thes

Finding the Fold thus empty, and likely to continue so—away went the Shepherd, with Indignation enough; resolving never more to darken the Doors alone, and spend his Spirits for Nothing. Whilst the Clerk, who was privy to the Occasion, clapped a Hurdle in the Door-way to keep out the Hogs, and hurried Home to his Company, with a Joy equal, if not exceeding, the Clergyman's Sorrow.

The Pastor—on his Return, going by the Door of Farmer Flail, the Church-warden, Mr. Vigilance, the Overseer, and some others, that lay in his way Home, could not forbear calling at their Houses; and was told by their Wives, they were all gone to the Clerk's House. This made him immediately conceive—by their Assemblage there, and their Non-appearance at Church, that there must certainly be some dangerous Conspiracy against him. So, thither he trudged with the same Warmth; not dreaming, poor Gentleman, that his pious Partner that was at the End of all his good Words, and most of his bad ones too, should be such a Heathen as to sell Ale. But when he came within a Stone's Cast of the Cabbins, and beheld the Token of his Parishioner's Apostacy, good Heavens! how he blessed himself! having no more Power to stir a Step farther, than Moses had to approach the burning

burning Bush. But after a small Pause, his Zeal got the better of his Surprise, and broke out in the following, angry Exclamation :

O ! Monster of Infidelity ! *Julian* in Apostacy, and Devil in Iniquity ! Art *thou* the Author of new Inventions, and the Enticer of Men to Folly ? Come forth from thy Den ! and bring the Harlot along with thee, that the Sons of *Israel* run a Whoring after ! come forth, I say ! and let her be burnt with Fire ! that your filthy Pollutions may be purged away ! your Abominations are worse than those of your Forefathers in the Wilderness, who set up a molten Calf and worshipped it. Yea, far worse ! for they sat up their Calf at such Time as *Moses* their Leader was absent, but ye have set up your Idol before my very Face ! and now ye are weary of dancing 'round it, ye are gone in—even, in the Habitations of Lewdness, and the Tents of Wickedness. Come out ! come out, I say ! ye Sons of *Satan* and Spawn of the bottomless Pit ! or Vengeance shall fetch ye out with a flaming Firebrand and Perdition !

The Knaves of Clubs within Doors, hearing such a Repetition of Dog Language, come out ! come out ! thought, some of their Pigs were worrying, and running to the Doors and Windows, beheld their reverend Pastor in his Ejaculations : And seeing him
now,

now, began to amble towards the Clerk's late-jocund Dwelling, they scoured out the Back way, like so many Dogs with old Shoes at their Tails; leaving the Devil to pay—the Reckoning.

The Parson's Zeal breaking Bounds with such a View, he followed them with a full Cry, calling on St. * *Martin*, the Patron of his Church, for a double Portion of his martial Spirit; but they—being too Nimble for *him* and his Saint too, he returned out of Breath to the Clerk's; who seeing him bend his Course that Way, and fearing the Sequel, thought it proper to play *least in Sight*, and got under the Bed. But the Parson having studied the Black Art, soon found him out, and beat him with the flat Side of a Fire-shovel 'till he roared out, Murder! and if *Jeof-f'ry Jenkings* and his Wife had not interposed, and pulled the dead-doing Hero off, by the Waistband of his Breèches, it's thought, there would have been Mis-

* St. *Martin* was Bishop of *Tours* in *France*; but liking the Field of *Mars* much better than the House of God, he would often appear among the Bravest, in a Suit of Armour: And being taken Prisoner by the *English*, at the Siege of *Blois*, he wrote to the Pope, to order the *English* King to set him at Liberty. According to his Request, the Pope sent to the King, to send home his Son. But the King sent the Bishop's Coat of Mail, with these Words out of *Genesis*, Chap. xxxvii. *See, whether this be thy Son's Coat*. The Pope very wisely replied, that—*That Coat neither belonged to his Son, a Soldier of God, nor a Servant of Christ*. So left poor *Martin* to gain his Liberty by a considerable Ransom.

This Story is also told of the Bishop of *Beauvois*, in the Reign of *Richard* the 1st. *Vide Speed's Chronicle*

chief.

chief. *Mary!* says he, this wicked Husband of thine will go to the Devil! Villain! to sell Ale! and seduce my Parishioners from Church! thou deservest no less than present Death! cut me a Piece of the Bed-cord, *Jeoff'ry*, I'll hang him, straight!

Why Sir, says *Mary*, we must do this or worse: For there's so few People die, christen or marry, that we can scarcely get Bread.

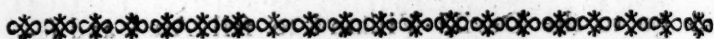
O, ho! says the Parson, do *you* take his Part? You shall wash the Surplice no more for that. Is Eight-pence a Year, Nothing? So leaving the Psalm-singer to tune his Pipes in Bed for a Fortnight, he went upon the Hunt for the Rest of the Pack; resolving to be revenged of them all before he had done; which he performed so much to the Purpose, that, on the following *Sunday*, his Congregation consisted of no less than Nineteen Persons; and that Day Fortnight—on the Recovery of the Clerk, it amounted to Forty-five; being the greatest Number ever seen in that Church, since the general Interdict in the Reign of King *John*.

I am,

S I R,

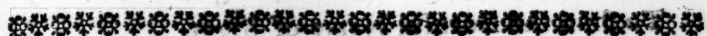
Yours, &c.

The

*The POETS STAFF,*

*Wrapped round with Rhime, and sent to a Neighbour-
ing Lawyer, when he was in the Country.*

KIND Friend, I have need
Of something to read ;
Some historical Deed
Of *Russ* or of *Swede*,
That northern Lads lead,
And make their Foes bleed :
Or fend in the Stead,
The Dreams of *Quevede*,
I do not much heed,
A Rush—or a Reed,
Or any worse Weed,
So—not on the Creed,
Saint *Austin* or *Bede*,
And sent me with Speed,
In amiable Meed,
Without being *Feed*,
As we are agreed.



AN IMPOSITION:

*Made for a Gentleman of Christ-Church in Oxford;
who had missed going to Latin Prayers one Morning.*

O MUSE ! in doleful Ditty tell,
What Fate a Sluggard late befel,
For not obeying—of a bell. }

At *Christ-Church*—there are Customs many,
And some of them—not worth a Penny :
And other some—so worthy found
They may be valu'd at a Pound :
Each Morn a Bell bids * *some* to Pray'r,
And makes the Students start—and stare,
And scarcely stay to comb their Hair ;
Which—if they disobey—the Dean
Not only cuts with Language keen,
But makes them double Duty do,
And such Omission trebly Rue :
Indeed, they suffer not the Piquet ;
But are restrain'd within the Wicket ;
Must Rack for Rhimes a shallow Pate,
Or some old Sermon dull translate. }

* These Prayers are only for the junior Students.

Poor

Poor I, your Sérvant, *Harry Pigot*,
 To shun the scornful Name of Bigot,
 And not be *Righteous over much*,
 Or by the Gay reputed such,
 My Pillow hugg'd, one Morning cold,
 And slept 'till ten—and * *Tom* had toll'd ;
 For which, there now, a wond'rous Fufs is,
 And I am sentenc'd fifty Verses :
 For which—O *Muse*, I invoke
 Thy Inspiration, soon or late,
 To fill, with Verse, my empty Pate :
 No Matter, whether good or bad,
 The *Number*, mind you—must be had ;
 And it must also, be in Rhime,
 For *Reason*—I shall ask next Time.

O SLEEP ! that levels high and low,
 The Brute, the Beggar and the Beau ;
 That Rules the Eye-lids of the King,
 And can to Care Contentment bring ;
 Why must not I—indulge myself
 With thy Embrace, dear, harmless elf ;
 But like to Monks, be rous'd to Mattins,
 With nothing on—but Cowl and Pattins,
 To pray in Language like the *Latins* ?
 'Tis Popery, Popery ! I'm afraid,
 And favours much the *Scarlet Maid*.

* The Name of the Bell, well known at *Oxford*.

I.

II.

III.

F

IV. But

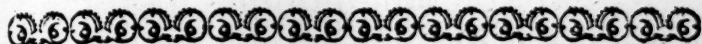
IV.

But no *Thing* will for ever last,
Her Tenement was Clay ;
In trying to compleat the Score,
She found—it worn away.

V.

A Change so great, surpriz'd her much,
And made her sorrow fore ;
If thou art gone, said she, poor *Thing* !
I die—and am no more.





Lord ROCHESTER having lent a Horse to a Physician, to go a Hunting, the Doctor sent him home Lane, with the following Excuse.

My LORD,

FOR want of a more intelligent and artificial *Faber*, your equestrian Animal interferes ; as the Visibility of the contused and scarify'd Node will evidently Demonstrate to Verification, by the Elevation of the sinister, postular Pedestal : as it did to the

MAN DOCTOR.

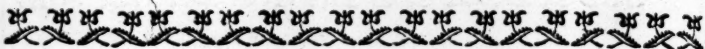


Which crabbed Epistle, was thus answered.

S I R,

FOR want of a more moderate and intelligent Equitator, my Animal has been defatigated, by Means of a Circumsudation into which he was agitated, as is evidently Demonstrable by the hirsutian Asperity on the Surface of his Cuticle ; apparently verify'd by ocular Inspection ; and confirmed by manual Contact or simple Attraction : Which needs no other Testator than the

NOTIFICATOR.



T H E
S H O E M A K E R S G L O R Y :
O R T H E
B L E S S I N G S o f I N D U S T R Y ,

*Exemplified in a short History of Sir Simon Eyte;
gratefully addressed to the Cordwainers Company,
for their generous Offer of the Freedom thereof to
JOHN Earl of Rochester.*

DEscend, O Muse! and let me write
The Hist'ry of a worthy Wight,
Sir *Simon Eyre*, that goodly Knight;
Who—from a friendless Boy arose
To be *Lord Mayor*, as Story goes :
Who, almost naked, came to Town,
And plac'd his self with *Jonas Brown*,
To learn the Craft of making Shoes,
The gentle Craft, which was Sir * *Hugh's*.

* Sir *Hugh*, was a Patron of that ancient Occupation.

His Master was a merry Fellow,
Who ev'ry Saint's Day would be Mellow ;
And if they did not happen thick,
Would Saint you any Day i'th' Week :
So that from *Jonas Brown's* Devotion,
Saint Monday owes its sole Promotion.

His Dame—who us'd to cut him Food,
Our Youngster thought not quite so good ;
For tho' the neighb'ring 'Prentice Boys
At *Shrove-tide*—Pancakes eat, and Froise,
Such Loads as if they really meant,
To lay in Stores to last all *Lent* ;
Poor *Sim's* Allowance was but *Two*,
No less alas ! than *Five* too few :
Which made him Vow—if ever *He*
Lord Mayor of London liv'd to be !
He'd treat all *London's* 'Prentice-boys
With Pancakes, Fritters and good Froise.

Now, as he ev'ry Year survey'd,
The new *Lord Mayor* in Cavalcade,
He us'd to sigh, and say—" alas !
" What wond'rous Things do come to pass !
" That ever such small Folks as I,
" Should ride so stately, by and by,
" And make such grand and *pompey* Shew !
" But, see, what *we* must all come to."

When *Simon's* seven Years were done,
 He took a *Stall* and so begun——
 To fitch and whistle to some Tune,
 Both late at Night and Morning soon ;
 'Till he had scrap'd enough together
 To buy a whole Cartload of Leather :
 'This—he work'd up to serve the *Jews*,
 And made them anti-christian Shoes ;
 For which he got so good a Price,
 He 'rose to Riches in a Trice :
 Acquir'd enough to leave off Trade ;
 Was * dubb'd a Brother of the Blade,
 And soon *Lord Mayor* of *London* made.
 And *then*—rememb'ring what he'd spoke
 Long Time before, altho' in Joke,
 He made a sumptuous Pancake Feast,
 For twenty Hundred Boys at least ;
 Who † *honey'd*, eat, and Buttons undone
 As if they'd each been *Lord* of *London*.
 O ! may his Memory ever last,
 For giving of this grand Repast !
 May *London* never want a Mayor,
 Like this good Knight Sir *Simon Eyre*.

But don't you think, that this, was all,
 For he erected *Leather-Hall*,
 Which we, corruptly—*Leaden* call ;

* Knighted.

† Sugar, was then unknown.

To be a Market-house for Leather,
And keep it dry in rainy Weather.
Before that Time—the Leather lay
Uncover'd, on the wettest Day :
And poor Cordwainers to their Cost
Found Water * bought and Leather lost,
And that, the Tanners were too many
For them—whenever it prov'd rainy :
But this good Knight a Shelter made,
And spoil'd the Tanner's cheating Trade.

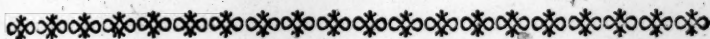
A Piece of Land he also gave
The gentle *Craft*—to *hold* and *have*,
In Trust—to raise each Year a Prize,
For him who best could Signalize,
His Skill in making of a Shoe,
Compleat and firm, and neat, and true.
By which he fought the publick Good,
As much as any Patriot cou'd,
Or ever did—since Days of *Lud*.
For now the Craftsmen take Delight,
To make Backsliders walk upright,
And punish him that Virtue-mocks,
By setting of him in the *Stocks*.
With pious Zeal they strictly pay
Regard to ev'ry Holy-Day,

* Leather is purchased by Weight.

Whether poor *Robin's* Almanack
 Makes it red letter'd Day or black ;
 And rather than it under-do,
 Instead of one Day—keep it two.
 But when Saint *Crispin* comes about,
 Who was a *Holy-man* no Doubt,
 They keep a Feast of many Days,
 To sacrifice—and sing his Praise,
 And shew their Joy a thousand Ways ;
 So—that to labour or be sober
 Is sacrilege, 'till past *October*.
 Thus generous Strife and Emulation,
 Rules this ingenious Occupation.

But now—Sir *Simon's* Piece of Ground,
 Like *other* Charities—can't be found ;
 It's either sunk into the Earth,
 Or buckled in some Villain's Girth :
 So that the Sons of good Sir *Hugh*
 For Honour now, must make *Prize-Shoes*.





To the Honourable

MISS MOUNTAGUE.

I.

ALL Things fair, we find are cold,
Crystal, Alabaster, Snow ;

Psyche fairer to behold,

Colder is than all, we know.

II.

All Things precious to obtain

Toil incessant ever Crave,

Diamonds hidden would remain,

Were it not but for the Slave.

III.

But the Crystal may be wrought,

And the Alabaster cut,

Snow into a Liquid brought,

May be in a Vessel put.

IV.

Diamonds bury'd e'er so deep,

May by Pains at Length be found,

But, who *Psyche* e'er will reap,

Must with greater Cares abound.

24

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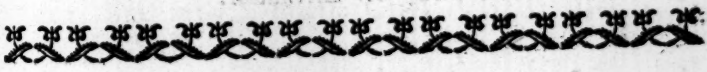
P A R T

OF A

Comedy, or Farce,

BEGUN

By his LORDSHIP, and left unfinished.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

JERE. WHITE, *the Court-Wit.*

GOODWIN, *a Zealot.*

HUGH PETERS, *a Pulpit-Buffoon.*

A Gentleman.

} *Chaplains to
Cromwell.*

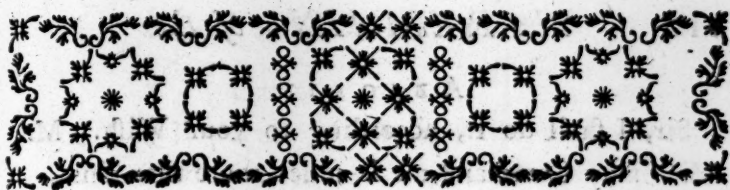
W O M E N.

Mrs. CROMWELL, *Wife to the Protector.*

FRANCES, *his Daughter.*

ABIGAIL WAITWELL, *her Attendant.*

S C E N E, *Whitehall.*



A

COMEDY, or FARCE.

S C E N E, *Whitehall.*

ABIGAIL, *Crossing the Stage*, WHITE *following.*

WHITE.

MRS *Abigail!* (*calling*) pray, how does the charming Lady *Frances Cromwell* do?

ABIGAIL.

O! Mr. *White*—your Servant. My Lady has been indisposed these two Days, and not out of her Chamber; but now, thank Gad, she is pretty Well again.

WHITE.

I thought she was Ill—by her Absence from Prayers. Pray oblige me so far, Mrs. *Abigail*, as to convey this Letter to her fair Hands: But let it go through no others than your own, lest it should be sullied, and made unfit for so Spotless a Beauty to receive or touch.

ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL.

Sir, I shall do it, according to your Wish. Mr. *White* may Command me in much more than this.

WHITE.

It is a Petition to her Ladyship, for her Interest with his Highness her Father, for a small Favour I stand in need of. And, to oblige me a little farther, I beg you would accept of this Ring for your own Finger. A good Day to you.

[Gives her a Ring and Exit.

ABIGAIL.

Your humble Servant.

[Going.

Enter CROMWELL, meeting ABIGAIL.

CROMWELL, [Calling.

Nab! Nab!—Well, how stands Matters with my Daughter *Frank* and *Jerry White*?

ABIGAIL.

O! an't please your Highness, I have just now received this Letter from him, for my Lady.

[Gives him a Letter.

CROMWELL, [Reads.]

To the Lady *Cromwell*—*Hugh Peters*. This is the Wrong one. This is from *Hugh Peters* to my Wife.

ABIGAIL.

O Dear! I hope not. Pray Sir, let me exchange it for the Right—here it is. [Gives him another Letter.

CROM-

CROMWELL.

No: I shall peruse it first, and see what Master Peter's Business is with my Wife. [*Reads.*] To the Lady Frances Cromwell.

"Charming Angel,

"To hear of your Illness, and find no Admittance
 "to your Presence, has made me almost distracted. I
 "have suffered more than I can write or express!
 "'Tis now two Days since I've been blessed with the
 "Sight of that dear, enchanting Form! A perfect
 "Age! I had much rather the Sun were Sick than
 "you; and had rather Bask in your Beauty than his
 "Beams. For Heaven's Sake, chear me with a Ray
 "from your divine Eyes as soon as possible, to chase
 "the Despondency of your religious Adorer.

JERE. WHITE."

So, so, here is fine Work going on, both Parties are willing I find, and we have nothing to do but tie the Knot. However, he had better ask my Advice, and she too, before it comes to that. Here, take the Letter, and after you have sealed it again, deliver it as directed; and if *Frank* sends an Answer to it, as doubtless she will, let me see it. But hold, a bit, let me examine my other Chaplain's Letter. [*Reads.*]

"My

“ My Hearts Joy,

“ Once more I beg you’ll compleat my Hopes, in
 “ the Enjoyment of your fair Person, for otherwise I
 “ swear by the Host of H——n, I think I cannot
 “ live—above a Fortnight longer.” Ha ! a very violent
 Passion truly. [*Reads on.*] “ You are the only
 “ Desire of my Soul, and will commit no Sin by con-
 “ senting, since I shall marry you when the cloven-
 “ footed Adversary has fetched away your Husband,
 “ who has sold himself to that evil Angel, even *Satan* ;
 “ and will continue here no longer than his Birth-
 “ Day.

“ Your affectionate second Spouse

“ HUGH PETERS.”

Very well. Here, take it *Nab* ; repair the Seal and
 give it to my Wife. But see you tell not any Creature
 living.

A B I G A I L.

Your Highness may depend very safely on my Fide-
 lity. [*Exit.*]

C R O M W E L L.

Damned Hypocrite ! How have I hugged a Serpent
 in my Bosom ! Nay, perhaps twain. But I can scarcely
 think my Wife so wicked, neither. As to the
 Priest—I need not so much wonder, when I consider
 the various Scenes of Wickedness that he has played
 his

his Part in ; and that he never once boggled at any Thing. But who is Just, or verily a Friend ? No Confidence on Earth !

The Devils in Hell are faithfuller than Men :

To one grand Point are all their Works confin'd :

But Man—more busy and more impious strives

To dare th' Almighty Vengeance,

By a thousand Crimes !

I've strove to make this idle Girl a Princess ;

And she—in Opposition to my Scheme,

Would leave th' Illustrious starry Orb she shines in,

To mix with Clay.

White's a good Preacher and a clever Fellow,

But yet, unfit to wed a Prince's Daughter ;

The Man's an Ornament in my Retinue

But no Way suitable to prop a Throne.

[*Exit.*

Enter WHITE.

WHITE,

Hah ! the Door open, and no Porter ! surely I may enter without committing Sacrilege, tho' a Deity resides therein, and sanctifies the Threshold. O ! thou divine and matchless Angel ! The finest Flower in the Protector's Garden ! The brightest Luminary in the northern Hemisphere !—[*Meets Hugh Peters.*] O ! Mr. *Peters* ! Pray how is Lady *Frances* ? I heard she was Ill, and came to enquire the Truth.

PETERS.

P E T E R S.

The Truth is—she hath been Ill: But is now, much better. I have been administering some ghostly Advice and bodily Comfort to her, that hath mended her much: But she is not quite Well. I have felt her Pulse, and find it beat Love-ward: Some secret Enemy lurks at her Heart, and baffles the Skill of the old Woman her Doctor. Goodness! that ever the Protector should suffer an old Simplist to be his Daughter's Physician! The Maid is fair, most passing fair! and would do well under a Male Practitioner. I shall see her again soon, and will give her my Advice. It delighteth me much to use Communication with her, and explain the deep and hidden Secrets of Nature, and fit her for the Warfare of this World, and the sweet Enjoyments that follow.

W H I T E.

Pray, my Friend *Peters*, how was she affected?

P E T E R S.

O! most ill-favour'dly fever'd, with Palpitations, Palpitations insensible; Histericks, Vapours, Fits of the Mother, the Daughter, the Aunt, and all the Women in *England*! I saw her Yesterday, by the Protector's Order, and found her in the Height of her Distemper, Paralitick to the last Degree! Burning with a Quartan, Tertian and Quotidian Ague, that frightened me out of my Wits! But her female Physician assured me, it was a natural Cause, of no dele-

terious

terious Consequence, and brought me to myself again.

WHITE.

You seem to have studied Physick yourself, by the regular and methodical Account you give of the Lady's Disorder.

PETERS.

Nay, Brother *White*. My Talents turn only Heaven-ward. My Gifts are the Gifts of Grace, and covet Perfection and the Beauty of Holiness. O! the *Hole-le-ness* of Beauty and the Beauty of *Hole-le-ness*! They are comfortable Morfels to the craving Appetite that longeth after the Water-brooks.

WHITE.

I think it's better longing after strong Beer, Brother *Peters*.

PETERS.

Why, yea. A Man cannot help it, if his Nature inclines him to a *Cup of the Creature*: Water was made for those that inhabit warmer Countries than *England*. So likewise, if the Flesh gets the Mastery of the Spirit, and inclines the outward Man to carnal Communication, how can the inward Man prevent it? But the *Hoop* is at Hand, where you may find Meat, Drink and Health, Solace and Comfort. Yea, and, and, and,—any *Thing* else—for the use of the Godly. Come, I will shew you the Way.

WHITE.

Agreed—for one Glass.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E, *a Chamber.*

Enter Lady FRANCES and ABIGAIL with a Letter.

ABIGAIL.

MASTER *Jeremiah White*, his Highnesses Chaplain, commendeth this to your fair Hands.

LADY.

Very well. How is his Highness to Day?

ABIGAIL.

O! He is most miraculously recovered. Our Prayers are heard, the mighty One hath shaken his Rod and chafed away the rheumatick Traitor that presumed to afflict his upright Arm, and he resteth in Peace.

LADY.

How! Is he dead?

ABIGAIL.

No, forsooth Lady, dead! no the Lord forbid. I mean, he resteth in his great Chair: His Groans are no more; and the whole outward and inward Man seemeth to be at Peace.

LADY.

You frightened me with your formal Manner of Speaking. Could not you say simply, he is Well?

ABIGAIL.

I believe I speak simply enough at all Times. And
'twas

'twas very simple of me to frighten your Ladyship so, with the simple Truth. But I was always a great Simpleton, and went to *Battersea* to be cured, but could not find the simple Doctor.

L A D Y.

Did you go to my Lady's Apartment, and enquire how her fore Finger did?

A B I G A I L.

Yea, marry, that I did: and came back with good Tidings. Her Highnesses Finger was very painful all Night, and burnt like a Coal, and would not let her sleep, but kept her waking and watchful, restless discomposed, tossing and tumbling from one Side to the other, 'till Day-light appear'd, without closing her Eyes or sleeping a Wink.

L A D Y.

Are these your good Tidings?

A B I G A I L.

No, Lady. Have Patience, and mark what followeth. About Cock-crowing she turned herself upon her Back, and after a short Ejaculation, fell asleep, and slept several Hours. And Lo! when she awoke, the Tumour was broken, the Bed full of *Matter*, and her Finger quite easy, and so it hath remained to this joyful Hour.

L A D Y.

'Tis very well. Go get me some buttered Ale for my Breakfast.

ABIGAIL.

A B I G A I L.

I will, sweet Lady.

[Exit.

L A D Y.

Now for my Letter. [*Hums it over.*] Poor Mr. *White*! I doubt it will never be in my Power to answer your Expectations: The Difference of Fortune at present sets me at too far a Distance, notwithstanding your adequate Portion of Merit. And yet I can never be happy with any other Man. His open and unaffected Nature, his generous and facetious Temper, have taken such hold of my Heart, that nothing can dissolve it but Death.

Enter W H I T E.

W H I T E.

O! my charming Lady! how I am raptured to find you so well recovered! Heaven has proved Propitious to my Prayers, and restored the Sanity I so earnestly petitioned for. The uneasy Moments I have suffered since I first received the Knowledge of your Sickness, are like the Sands, too many to be numbered.

L A D Y.

Sir, I am greatly obliged to you; and have no better way to repay you, than that of desiring you'd make your Visit as short as possible, for fear of my Father, who is recovered, and will doubtless be here presently.

W H I T E.

WHITE.

O! Tortures. Can Words so blasting come from Lips so sweet! Leave you already! I can as soon leave my Life! To what Purpose has Heaven been moved with my importunate Sollicitations, if this is my Reward!

LADY.

If my Recovery comes from thence, your Services were great, indeed! and I acknowledge them. But don't you think my Doctress will put in for a Share of the Merit, as well as the Reward?

WHITE.

She is, doubtless, satisfied already, but my Demand remains Entire.

LADY.

Then bring in your Bill and I'll endeavour to discharge it.

WHITE.

'Tis written in my Heart and always ready.

"The Honourable Lady *Frances Cromwell* Debtor
"to *Jeremy White*—For a Ship-load of Sufferings of
"undry Kinds, not remembered by Name, but re-
"corded in Gross. For three Tunns of Tears; For
"three Millions of Wishes; for 375 uneasy Days;
"for 405 restless Nights; for 48 desponding Hours,
"during her last two Days Illness; for——

LADY.

L A D Y.

Hold! Hold Sir. You need not go any farther. There are *Items* enough to make Bankrupt any ten Women in *Christendom*. 'Tis impossible I can pay you.

W H I T E.

Then I must take your Body.

L A D Y.

O *Gemini*! I'm in a fine Way indeed! 'Tis well the Law has Forms to make Demandants prove their Claims before Execution issues.

W H I T E.

O! my charming Angel, I have Evidence enough to support my Action, and carry my Cause, if it comes into *Cupid's* Court. But I shall use my Advantage with great Lenity; be myself the fettered Jailor, and you a Prisoner at Large.

L A D Y.

I hope you won't chain me.

W H I T E.

With but one Link. O! thou celestial, dazzling Deity! Thy charming Presence like to Inspiration, raises my Soul to Extacy and Bliss!

L A D Y.

O! fie! fie. Flatter no more. Speak to me as a Woman rather than a Goddess. These Flights favour more of Fiction than Faithfulness. I believe your Passion, and have shewn no Aversion to your Declaration of it, but you are always in such extatick Strains,
that

that I fear it has something impaired your Intellects.
The plainest Tales speak the greatest Truths.

WHITE.

To speak to you in common Terms would be the
highest Irreverence! You are an Angel of the first
Order, and should be rather adored than loved,

LADY.

Now, you speak what is rational and safe. You
may Adore me without Danger. But to Love me—
will surely be your Ruin. My Father is Ambitious,
Haughty and Revengeful! and having the Power of
Life and Death in his own Hands would soon cut you
off. And I should thereby become the Author of your
Destruction. O *Ginger*! I tremble at the Thought!
So talk no more of Love, I beg and beseech you.

WHITE.

Not Love! [*Kneels*] Here will I kneel and hold you
fast with sacrilegious Hands 'till you've reversed my
Doom, and given me Leave to Love—or Die.

*Enter CROMWELL and a Gentleman, hastily on one Side,
ABIGAIL on the other.*

CROMWELL.

How now, Mr. *White*! Why in that Posture to my
Daughter?

WHITE, [*Rising.*]

An't please your Highness, I was soliciting Lady

G

Frances

Frances to stand my Friend, and support my Suit to that young Gentlewoman her Attendant, whom I have long loved and courted in Vain.

CROMWELL.

Ay, Ay. And how dare you refuse the Gentleman's Courtship, Hussy? Look ye! Mr. *White* is my Friend, and I expect you would use him as such. [*To Abigail.*]

ABIGAIL.

If Mr. *White* is in Earnest, an't please your Highness, and really intends me that Honour, I sha'n't refuse him.

CROMWELL.

Sayest thou so? Call in *Goodwin*, then. [*To the Gentleman.*] This Business shall be done presently—before I go out of the Room. And lest she should not prove Fortune good enough for you, my Friend, I'll augment it with Five Hundred Pounds. So, see that you love him *Nab*, as well as he loves you, that ye may both be happy.

ABIGAIL.

I thank your Highness, and will do my Endeavour to love him, and make him a good Wife.

Enter GOODWIN.

CROMWELL.

Goodwin! Here's a Couple to be married [*Joins their Hands*] come, give them a Tack immediately.

GOODWIN.

GOODWIN.

The anti-christian Way of Marrying with that popish Bauble a Ring, being utterly abolished, and a better Method substituted in its stead, "Be it known unto all chosen People whom these Presents may concern, That, I now join together this Couple in Marriage; and that they are to remain Man and Wife without Separation or Disunion 'till they are parted by Death." And now my Beloved, whom I have thus bound in undissoluble Bands, walk uprightly and stedfastly in the Way of Truth and Godliness. Be thou a fruitful Mother, my Daughter; and thou an able Husbandman, my Son. Let it be thy Duty to beget Children, and hers to bring forth. So depart ye hence in the Fear of the Lord.

CROMWELL.

Amen. Daughter, I have Business with you. I wish you all a good Day. [*Exit with Lady Frances.*]

GOODWIN.

And I will also leave you to compleat the great Work, by the sweet and pleasant Joys of Consummation. [*Exit.*]

WHITE.

Jessy! what a monstrous Stroke of Policy was this? Well, Spouse,—how d'ye do? You have made a tolerable Day of it, to get a Husband and Five Hundred Pounds.

A B I G A I L.

Yes Spouse, and I think you are pretty even with me; since you have gotten a Wife—and the same Sum.

W H I T E.

Gotten the Devil! how do you think to answer this to Lady *Francis*? Why didn't you Dissent, when you might have done it with Impunity?

A B I G A I L.

Why did you make so unexpected a Proposition?

W H I T E.

Because I was a Fool—but you should have answered with a Negative.

A B I G A I L.

Then I should have been a Fool. Good Husbands are scarce, and don't offer every Day. So you can't blame me, I think.

W H I T E.

Not blame you! Why ha'n't you spoil'd my Fortune? and cut in Halves the happiest Pair of Hearts; I knew the Protector's haughty and revengeful Temper; and could hit on no better Expedient to excuse the Posture he found me in to his Daughter: But then I thought myself so sure of your Friendship, that no Influence whatever would have made you false to me.

A B I G A I L.

Your Thought was right. For I'll assure you, no
Interest

Interest or Terror shall ever make me your Foe. And as to my Friendship—I could not give you a greater Proof of it.

WHITE.

Friendship in Bonds is like the Freedom of two Slaves, who are coupled with a Chain. A charming Conjunction indeed!

ABIGAIL.

I hope it will prove so.

WHITE.

For our mutual Hate.

ABIGAIL.

I hope not. For I have loved you long. And sought all the Ways I could study to oblige you, save in the unacceptable Service to Lady *Frances*.

WHITE.

So then, you only failed in the chiefest Service of all. And probably was the Author of this Discovery. I am obliged to you for your Obligations, truly. And what Recompence do you expect for these great Services, pray?

ABIGAIL.

I shall be contented with your Love.

WHITE.

My Love!—Superlative Impossibility! Why sure you could not expect a Spark of it.

ABIGAIL.

Why so, my Dear? My Soul is filled with nothing

else but you. My Thoughts and Dreams run o'er with your Idea. And if Love is a divine Power, and Marriages are made in Heaven, as I have heard you say, certainly, there must be some distant, destined Corner of your Heart for me.

W H I T E.

For you! alas, alas. 'Tis true, my Heart has not a Pin's Point, Pipe or Pore but what is full of Love! but not for you. O! thou dear, brilliant Prepossessor of my Soul! thou peerless Paragon of princely Excellence! How is my kindred Heart allied to thine!—Love thee! treacherous Creature! I'd as soon lie with a Sow, and propagate Pigs.

A B I G A I L.

Even Pigs will love by lying together, and why mayn't we?

W H I T E.

We'll not try the Experiment, I'll assure you, so, you'd better have been unmarried still, and stood the Chance of a better Match. No. I'm not that tame, easy Monster called a Husband, yet; nor ever shall be. So your best Way will be to commit Adultery as soon as you can, that I may get a Divorce, and you—another Husband.

A B I G A I L.

And is this the Treatment I am always to expect?

W H I T E.

Yes: Unless I can think of any Thing worse.
Wedded

Wedded to a Waiting-Woman! O fah! tied tho' I mean. For there are no Marriages in this Manner; especially where Consummation is wanting. Good God! what a monstrous Mixture should you and I make! we could not mix. We should be Oil and Vinegar, Fire and Water.

ABIGAIL.

Very well. But I'll be revenged! and quickly too. You know, I am privy to your Works of Darknes: But they shall now see the Light. The Protector will approve of your waiting on his Daughter at Midnight, to besure: And thank you for your obsequious Attendance when other Folks slept.

WHITE.

How! how, how's this? Traiteres! Sorceres! Witch of *Endor*! Daughter of *Simon Magus*! Devil incarnate! Thou Blasphemest Wretch! Thy Tongue shall be slit and thy Nose bored through. Thy Insinuations are Vile, Impious and Impossible! The Saint thou wouldest prophane, is full of Goodness: Is Pure and Spotless as the falling Snow. But thou art blacker than the Stoke-hole of Perdition! and art possessed with a lying Spirit and seven Devils. But I'll cast them out! and find a Counter-spell for thy Sorcery and Sophistry, thou *Jezabel*, I will so. And as that cursed Woman was cast out of the Windows of *Jezreel*, so shall I cause thee to be cast out of the

Gates of *Whitehall*. Thou painted, vamp'd-up
second-hand Whore!

ABIGAIL.

Whore! Fine Language for a Divine! and to his
Bride, too! Is this the Wit and Politeness People
praise you for? You foul-mouthed, *Billingsgate*, ill-got,
Barber's Bastard! But I'll go to the Protector, imme-
diately, and let him know, how well you deserve a
Halter.

[Exit.

WHITE.

Go, and be hanged in it. I'll Counter-plot your
Machinations, never fear.

[Exit.



SCENE



S C E N E, *Whitehall.*

Enter CROMWELL and his Lady.

C R O M W E L L.

I HAVE some ill News to tell thee, Wife: Our Friend *Hugh Peters* is very much out of Order. I fear his Brain is touch'd. Our common Friends declare strange Things of him. He is mad, drunk, bewitched or in love.

Mrs. C R O M W E L L.

Indeed his Behaviour is something uncommon for a Person of his Calling, and frights me sadly, whenever I meet him alone. He mistook me for a Harlot, I believe, but Yesterday, as his Discourse was shapen that Way. In short he talketh not at all like a Teacher of Truth. I fear he is under Temptation, and will stumble into the Paths of Perdition.

C R O M W E L L.

Did not he send thee a Letter; to Day?

[Looks full in her Face.]

Mrs. C R O M W E L L.

Yes, but I have not opened it yet. I knew it was from him by the Hand. Here it is—Examine the

Contents. [Cromwell reads it, *as before.*] O, fie upon him, naughty Man! I never encouraged him to be thus wicked. The Enemy hath surely over-powered him, and he is possessed. The Devil hath certainly entered into him.

CROMWELL.

'Tis only the Devil of Lust: But I'll fetch him out, with a Vengeance! O, here the Letcher comes. Stand aside a little, whilst I sift his Sincerity.

[*Pushing her into the Wing.*]

Enter PETERS, talking to himself.

PETERS.

I must return. I am so smitten, I cannot rest. Her charming Image is always before me: Wine will not remove it. O, sweet Lady *Frances*! What would I not give to enjoy that Heaven of Beauty?

CROMWELL *advances.*

CROMWELL.

How, now, *Hugh*! Where art thou hobbling to?

PETERS.

To Prayers an't please your Highness. My usual Occupation. I was even conning them over as I went along. The Spirit is strong within me and laboureth for Utterance.

CROM-

CROMWELL.

I thought I heard you mention something of my Daughter *Frank*: Pray how came she to be the Object of your Meditations?

PETERS.

'Tis very true. I was thanking Heaven for hearing my Prayers and granting her a Cure so speedily. She is now quite recovered, I assure your Highness, and at my Instance. I would not be denied in a Point of that Consequence, and wearied the Powers above 'till they proved Propitious.

CROMWELL.

I am told, you make Love to her.

PETERS.

O Lack! O Lack!—I! I have not thought of a Woman these ten Years. Your Highness knows my Mind is only Heavenward, and seeketh Day and Night the Salvation of the Saints. Alack, think of a Woman! fie, fie, fie. Silly Things indeed to employ the Mind of a Minister, a Labourer in the Lord's Vineyard, over-run with Brambles and choaked with Weeds.

Mrs. CROMWELL comes forward.

Mrs. CROMWELL.

O Hypocrite! Did not you send a lewd Letter to me to Day? To tempt the Chastity of thy Mistress.

Mistress, the Bosom Wife of thy Lord and Master, thou Monster! Thou Minister of *Beelzebub*! Ha! Who has it now in his Pocket, and will shew thee thy Perfidy in black and white—of thy own writing and inditing, Thou Son of *Belial*; and Spawn of *Gomorrab*!

P E T E R S.

I stand amazed! Lady, thy Accusations be upon thy Head. Thou defamest an innocent Man. I am abused. Yea, very much abused. I am no Sodomite. I detest the very Name! I hope his Highness will do me Justice. I have wrote no Letter, as I am an honest Man, and hope to go to Heaven. Some Villain hath counterfeited my Hand, I fear. I have had the Cramp these seven Days; and could not write a Line. O, the Wickedness of this World, and the Generation of Vipers that crawl thereon! I will pray, that I may be taken up from among them speedily, and be no more seen.

Mrs. CROMWELL.

I judged you would deny it. You have no other Subterfuge left. Who should Counterfeit your Hand for such a Purpose as that? Could they Counterfeit your Person too, if I had been willing, and listened to your Wickedness?

P E T E R S.

That, were needless, Lady. For had your Consent been gained by Letter, and given under your Hand,
the

the Mask might then have been laid aside, and you forced to submit to the Pleasure of the Counterfeit, let it have been what it would. I am more used to the Ways of the Wicked than you be, and can see thro' the Design very plainly. I beg your Highness would shew me the Letter.

CROMWELL.

Ay, here it is. [*Gives Peters the Letter.*] And I wish it may prove decisive in your Favour.

PETERS.

'Tis none of my writing, on the Word of a Christian. 'Tis the Contrivance of some Enemy, some vile Cavalier or other, to blemish my Character, and ruin my Interest with your Highness.

Enter ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL.

When your Highness is at Leisure, I have something to trouble you with, relating to my Husband.

CROMWELL.

I'm Busy now. Pray Mrs. Cromwell, who gave you this Letter?

Mrs. CROMWELL.

Abigail there, brought it to me.

CROMWELL.

And who gave it you?

ABIGAIL.

ABIGAIL.

Mr. *Peters*, an' please your Highness.

PETERS.

I! I! I!—When! Where! What Letter did I give you, and for whom?

ABIGAIL.

A sealed Letter—for my Lady there—this Morning—in the Garden.

CROMWELL.

This is Particular enough.

PETERS.

Hussy! I han't seen thee this Week, nor been in the Garden this Month. Thou'rt in Conjunction with the Cavaliers that are hatching of Treason. Your Highness had best beware of a Plot. This Wench is as wicked as *Laud* and *Strafford*, and deserves hanging as much as they did.

ABIGAIL.

Fie upon you Mr. *Peters*, to say such naughty Sayings as you do. I have spoken nothing but the Truth. I had the Letter from you, and no one else.

PETERS.

What Letter?

ABIGAIL.

Nay, I know not what Letter, if you don't.

CROMWELL.

The Letter I gave you just now.

PETERS.

PETERS.

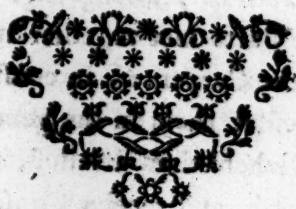
This is it. [*Pulls out a wrong one*] Can you swear
to it, Mrs. Waiting-Woman?

ABIGAIL.

Nay. I shall not swear. 'Tis Wicked to swear,
but I think that is not the same. * * * * *

* * * * *

Desunt Cætera.





To the Author of the BRITISH MERCURY,
in the Character of a QUAKER.

Friend ROGER,

FINDING thy weekly History now and then furnished with something foreign to thine own Trade and Occupation, thought the following Narrative might be no improper Auxiliar, when thy own Stock waxeth low : Which thou mayest accept for a Verity in every Word : Or there's no Truth in thy Friend at Bath,

AMINADAD PURE.

The Feast of *Pentecost* drawing nigh, the Household of Faith in these Parts met together at the Dwelling-house of *Joseph* the Carpenter, to consider of a proper Person to Represent them in the general Meeting at the great Town where thou dwellest, to set forth the State of the Church, and receive Consolation from the Saints there assembled.

When we were all set down, and the Doors of the House verily shut fast, there was a continued Silence, to avoid worldly Debate, from the third Hour 'till the

the fourth : At which Time—the Spirit moved *Obadiab*, to tell us, he had married a Wife, and could not go from her yet. Then spoke *Phebe*, the Sister of *Matthias*, and said, her Husband *Jonathan* was in great Tribulation every now and then, with a hard Swelling ; so consequently very improper to take a long Journey alone. *Philip* had a Yoke of Oxen to sell, and his Landlord to pay. And lastly, *Timothy* was obliged to go another Way to visit *Patience*, the Sister of *Nebemiah*, who was then in a very weak Condition, and wanted Comfort and Consolation. So the Lot fell upon *Jonas*, even *Jonas* the Kettle-mender, who having the Blessing of the Brotherhood, saddled his Beast and set out for thy Town. But not taking heed to his Ways, as holy *David* saith, and shutting his Eyes to the Light within, he blindly stumbled upon the Threshold of Destruction, even the Gate of the *Gentiles*, where he sat himself down in the Seat of the Scornful, and eat and drank 'till he was over filled, in the vile Company of Publicans and Sinners. Where he was seduced by the Host and an idle vagabond Fellow called *Joan Trat*, to listen, yea, and give his Attention too, unto several prophane *Cock-and-Bull Stories*, called Songs, of one *Robin Hood*, the Leader of an Hundred wicked Outlaws, and one *Little John*, who was a great Man, and robbed the Country without Law or Gospel, Reason or Mercy, for many Years together. Which said Rigma-roll Stories, so

turned

turned the Brain of the poor lost Sheep, that he was like unto one of the foolish Folk, and suffered himself to be ignominiously stigmatized with that prophane Mark and Brand of *Rome*, the Cross, in the Front of his Resemblance, by a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, that abideth as thou goest by the Way of the Brook, called the *Ditchside*; to the great Surprize of the Friends at Home, who wait with Patience the Salvation of the Saints. But as the Vengeance of the *holy one* is always sure to reward the Wicked according to their Work, now, mark thee. This Member of Wretchedness is fallen a Victim to his Wrath: For being the same Evening most abominably Drunk, instead of saluting *Priscilla* and the Rest of the Sisterhood in an upright Manner, he suffered himself to be decoyed, and led away, by one of *Satan's* Hand-maids, into the sinful Dwellings of the Evil-doers, that stand as thou goest from *St. Giles's* to the *Strand*, even in the Row of Destruction named *Drury-Lane*; and lying in the filthy Bosom of that lewd Harlot, the Spawn of the bottomless Pit, he hath gotten such foul Leprosy in his most concealed Parts, as will bring to Confusion the whole outward Man, and become his Death.



SHROVE-TUESDAY.

A

F A R C E

Of Two A C T S.





Dramatis Personæ.

HUNGRY, *a Justice and Parliament Man.*

GAY, }
GOLD, } *Two Gentlemen travelling to Bath.*

NUMMY, *a Booby Squire.*

MILES, *a Miller.*

PEG, *Wife to the Captain of the Mob.*

*Lawyer, Landlord, Constable, Drawer, Electors, Mob,
and a Fidler.*

S C E N E, *Caln, Time two Hours.*

SHROVE.

SHROVE-TUESDAY.

A

F A R C E.

ACT I. SCENE I.

C A L N.

G A Y and G O L D.

G A Y.

THIS is a dull old Town, my Friend *Gold*.

G O L D.

If it seems so now, Mr. *Gay*, what would you think of it at other Times? This, is Holiday, and the Town brightened by the Presence of one of their Parliament Men: So that not only the Sprightly, but also the Sordid, are gay now. Nay, it's a double Holiday, as it's *Shrove-Tuesday*. Pray did you ever read, or hear, the Original of that barbarous Custom; so general in this Nation, of murdering Cocks on this Day? I see one coming, for the same cruel Purpose.

G A Y.

No, Faith, not I. I believe the Beginning of it is older

older than Writing or Reading either, in this Isle,
Sure that awkward Fellow with the Sword, is not going to throw.

G O L D.

'Tis even so, I believe. Let's stay and observe the Humour of it.

Enter Squire NUMMY, MILES, with a Cock, and Mob.

N U M M Y.

If I throw any more, *Miles*, I'll stand nearer.

M I L E S.

You shall stand on the Cock's Tail, Squire, if you'll give me Six-pence a Throw.

N U M M Y.

Done! there's the Money.

G A Y.

Let me set him up, Squire, and I'll hold you a Guinea, you don't knock him down.

N U M M Y.

Done, for Twenty! there's my Purse, with the *cast* Number.

G A Y.

And there's mine with the same Tale. Here, put them in this Gentleman's Hand.

N U M M Y.

Withal his Heart. [*They give their Purse to Gold*

G A Y.

GAY.

Come Biddy. [*Takes the Cock and cuts off his Tail, and then lays it down for Nummy to stand on, whilst Gold goes off with the Cock.*] Now the Tail is ready for you Squire: Come, stand upon it. Miles! bring the Stick.

NUMMY.

How! Sir. You won't cheat me of my Purse! will you?

GAY.

No Friend, I Scorn it.

MILES.

'Tis a Bite, Landlord, and I am Witness to't.

GAY.

I shall break your Head, Rascal.

NUMMY.

You shan't.

[*Draws his Sword and stands before Miles.*]

GAY.

How Sir! do you draw upon me?

NUMMY.

I may stand on my Guard, I hope, and my Tenants too. This is my Ground Sir, I'm Lord of the Manor, though I say it, that shouldn't say it. It has been in our *Posterity* ever since before the Flood, and so will continue 'till *Doomsday*.

GAY.

Well, for five Guineas I'll return you the Purse; but if you and your *Posterity* had not been Lords of the

the Manor, I would have kept all the Money, for I have won it fair enough.

NUMMY.

I won't give you a crooked Six-pence. The Purse is none of mine. 'Tis another Body's Purse: And they shall have you before the Justice, and send you to the House of Correction, and indict you at 'Sizes, and make you stand in the Pillory, Mun, if you don't return the People's Purse.

GAY.

Then put up your Grandfather's Lark-spit.

NUMMY.

Not 'till I have the Party's Purse. Stand behind me, *Miles*—Now, if you're a Man of Honour, *Draw*. But you had better not, for I shall stick you to the Wall, mayhap. I'm a deadly good Fencer. A'n't I, *Miles*? You know how many Heads I broke a Playing at Backsword, last Year. So Sir, if you don't think fit to give me the Person's Purse, why *Draw*, and I'll fight you for't.

GAY.

'Slife! I can't—unless you'll lend me a pull, Squire.

[Gay offering to draw his Sword, and pretending it will not come out of the Scabbard, gives it to Nummy, who lays down his own Sword, and pulling very hard, tumbles down backwards.

GAY.

G A Y.

Ha! Where are you now, my Hero?

[Puts his Sword to Nummy's Breast and sings.

No pitch of Honour from my Dart is free,

My Name is Death, have you not heard of me?

N U M M Y.

Murder! Murder!

M I L E S.

Ah, Murder! Murder! Here'll be Murder to be sure, if the Squire's killed.

First M o b.

Ay, Murder! Murder! I'll run and fetch the Constable, for I can't bear to see Murder. *[Exit.*

Enter G O L D.

Second M o b.

Ay, do, do. Run with both Legs. Pray Sir, hold your Friend's Hands, and save the Squire's Life, for he's stone dead already.

G O L D.

What's the Matter?

G A Y.

Will you have any Veal? I'm just going to kill a Calf.

H

GOLD.

G O L D.

'Tis a Bull by his Bignefs.

N U M M Y.

Murder! Murder! Thieves! Thieves! Why don't you cry Fire, Miles?

M I L E S.

Fire! Fire! Murder! Thieves. Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Fire! Why don't you cry out, Neighbours, and raise the Town?

Third M O B.

'Tin't lawful to cry Fire. The Constable will come by and by.

N U M M Y.

Fire! Fire! What the Devil are you all afraid of? a'n't I going to be killed!

G O L D.

Bless us! how he Bellows!

G A Y.

I shall soon tame him. Lend me your Penknife—He'll make an excellent Bull-stag. Lie still, Squire, and I'll perform the Operation with Dexterity and Speed.

N U M M Y.

You shall kill me first. [*Struggles, rises and runs off.*]
Murder! Fire! Thieves.

G A Y and G O L D.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Exeunt Laughing.*]

M I L E S.

MILES.

I am glad, Squire's safe.

Second MOB.

Truly Miles, and so am I. For If he'd been killed, t'other would have sworn he did it in his own Offence. And then the Jury would have brought it in *Seedip-pendendor*.

MILES.

Why, indeed Neighbour, you say right, for Squire pulled out his Sword first. So Tom,

Enter First MOB.

Where's the Constable?

First MOB.

Why, I met him at Turn o'th' Corner, and told him there was Murder *disacted* in the Market-place, and so *discharged* him to come in the King's Name, to aid and *deffst*. Ay, ay! says he, Murder! then I must go and get the *Crowner*. So, do you run back in the King's Name, and tell them that I'm hardby, a bringing the *Crowner*, that I'm going to fetch from the next Parish.

Second MOB.

Odso! the *Crowner*. We must run after, and *disbid* him then, for if the *Crowner* hears but of the least Crum in the World of Murder, he'll have his Fee, as surely as if a Man was killed *never* so much.

H 2

MILES.

M I L E S.

And who must pay him? *John Thompson.**Second M O B.*Why the Parish or Place where the Murder is *suf-*
picionated to be *disacted*.*First M O B.*Then I think the Constable was to blame, Neigh-
bours, to bespeak the *Crowner*, 'till he'd got a Sur-
geon to search whether Squire was quite killed.*Second M O B.*Right, Neighbour. So you and I, will go and dis-
bid him, for Squire's alive and well Man, only a little
fright'ned out of his Wits.*First M O B.*Withal my Heart. For you're a very wise Man,
John Thompson. I did not think it had been in you.[*Exeunt first and second Mob.*]*Third M O B.*Nor I neither. Why didn't you consult him, Mil-
ler, about your Affair? You can't marry all the
Wenches you have *gotten* with Bairn.

M I L E S.

Yes, Yes, I can. A Man that marries two Wives
must suffer the Law; but a Man that marries
three, is a Step above it. And that's the Number of
these *sem* Wenches. But between you and I, Neigh-
bour, I *moynt* marry at all. If I do, I shall never be
able to pay my Rent. Now—I have half the Wench's
Wages

Wages that come to the Mill, besides taking what Toll I please. But a Wife will so watch my Waters, that I shall put nothing into any Body's Sack but her own.

Third M o B.

That's a Matter of Moment, truly *Miles*. Ay, a very weighty Matter, indeed, and not to be done Hand over Head, and without Consideration.

M I L E S.

Some of the Farmers go to this new *Lager*, here, at thick Corner House for his *Vice*, and they say he's a main cunning Man at the *Lay*, and can make Black, White, and White, Black. Will you go with me Neighbour *Nixy*? I have a Mind to melt ten Groats.

Third M o B.

No, truly. I have no *Pinion* of him. He served me with a *Something* Yesterday, I don't much like him. So good by-to-ye. [Exit.

[*Miles Knocks at the Lawyer's Door.*

Enter the Lawyer.

L A W Y E R.

What do you want Friend?

M I L E S.

Why, I'm come, ant please you, to have a Little of your *Lay*, Sir. I'm in a Sort of a *Squandery* as a Body may say.

H 3

LAWYER,

LAWYER.

Very well, my Lad. I must have a Little of your Money, then. Have you brought me my Fee? my ten Groats, honest Miller?

MILES.

Ten Groats. Odsso I have but Half a Crown, pray Sir, how many Groats is that? Can you baet nothing? *Lay* is plaguey dear, they say.

LAWYER.

Well, I must trust you the other Shilling. You'll remember it.

MILES.

Yes Sir, Here's the Half Crown, it's a very large one, and may be worth three Shillings, for what I know.

LAWYER.

What is the Case?

MILES.

Why Sir, you must know, Sir, I'm in a damnable Scrape! a confounded *Squandery*!—

LAWYER.

Then I must have Six and Eight-pence.

MILES.

O, no Sir, no Sir. A *Childish* Affair. You must know, Sir, that I happened to be acquainted with three Wenches, and being Teeming-Time, they overperswaded me to be great with them, and so I got their Bellies up; that's all Sir. Indeed I was such a

Fool

Fool as to promise them all Marriage, and should have married them, if there had not been so many of them. But now, on sincere Consideration, I think to *perceive* 'em all, and marry none of them. So, you can bear me out, in it.

LAWYER.

That, I can easily do. For to marry above one, would be Bigamy.—

MILES.

Alas Sir, One! Why, they're all three as *Bigamy* as they can tumble.

LAWYER.

And to marry the whole Number, would be Bigamy and Trigamy too. You can't do't, if you would. 'Tis against all Law, Common and Canon, Civil and Statute.

MILES.

Ay, they were Common enough at the Statutes, that's true; a Pox of their *Civilties*, I say. And 'twas at the Sign of the Cannon, I got one of their Bellies up.

LAWYER.

I suppose your Promises were only Verbal. No Body by, no Witnesses.

MILES.

No, Sir, no. Besides, I spoke so softly, no Body could hear me. I only whispered.

LAWYER.

Why then your Promise, is no Promise at all. And you are as safe as a Thief in a Mill. To which, I'd have you adjourn immediately, that I may return to my Client.

MILES.

If this is all the Law you can give me for my Money, I wish I had my great Half Crown again.

LAWYER.

Why you dull-headed Thief, the Matter's as plain as the Nose in a Man's Face. The Promise was only Parol. No Witness. No Witness. Here's ten Guineas in this Purse, now, I lend it to you, [*Miles takes the Purse.*] and after a Time, I call for my Money; but having no Witness that I lent it, I can't recover it by Law, unless you confess the Debt.

MILES.

Then, that, I never will. [*Puts up the Purse.*] Confess and be hanged, you know.

LAWYER.

Why, you don't mean to cheat me, I hope!

MILES.

No, you gave it me, and Nothing is freer than a Gift. My great Half Crown has brought me good Interest. [*Exit singing Tol, tol, tol, tol, March in Scipio.*

[*The Lawyer runs after Miles, and meeting Nummy, knocks him backward and tumbles over him.*

NUMMY.

N U M M Y.

What's that for?

L A W Y E R.

I have most Reason to ask that Question. You stood in my Way, and I have lost ten Guineas that the Rogue of a Miller has robbed me of: And I shall make you an Accessory after the Fact, as is usual in Felony. And if I fail there, will file a Bill in Equity against you, get off how you can.

N U M M Y.

I! I! I! Blood and Thunder! I'll file a Bill against you, and all the Lawyers in the County, if you don't do me Justice. I have lost twenty Guineas; you foul mouthed, ill-bred Goose! and be hanged to you.

L A W Y E R.

Goose! Call an Attorney at Law, of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, Goose? Sir, I shall bring an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* for Ten Thousand Pounds Damage. I'll Smoak you for this! a Goose is an Animal, a Reptile, as one may say, without Reason or Learning, without the least Spice or Grain of any Literature at all. By why you imply, as I infer, and shall make appear by Innuendo, that your humble Servant is without Letters.

N U M M Y.

Plague on your Nonsense! Didn't you push me down, and be poxed to you?

H 5

LAWYER.

LAWYER.

No. You pushed me down.

NUMMY.

Well, well, say no more on't. 'Twas a Blunder on both Sides.

LAWYER.

Sir, I never make any Blunders. I'm too Careful to be Inaccurate.

NUMMY.

Pho! What again? Why I was coming to you for your *Vice*.

LAWYER.

And so you thrust your Boobyship into my Arms for a Fee. That Excuse won't do. There's Assault and Battery; which you may justify, if your Council think good. I shall take my Bed upon't, for a Fort-night at least.

NUMMY.

Devil take your Nonsense, I say. Don't you give your *Vice* to any Body?

LAWYER.

No Sir, to no Body. I am well paid for't, I'll assure you. I am no Pint-of-Wine Pettifogger. I take Fees, Sir. Legal Fees. Thirteen Shillings and Fourpence. If you have a Mark to commute with, I shall urge the Matter no farther. Though the *Breach of the Peace* has not been mentioned yet; for which undoubtedly, I am entitled to an *Information*.

NUMMY.

N U M M Y.

Inform and be damn'd! and you will. I'll have nothing more to say to such a Fool. Bailif *Fisher* has ten Times more Wit than you. You! a Lawyer? You may be a Liar, but no Lawyer, I'm sure. Why Lawyer will take Money, and I have brought you a Crown, and you won't have it.

L A W Y E R.

Come then give it me.

N U M M Y.

No not now, I don't like you. The Bailif, who is a better Lawyer, will have but a Shilling. No, no.

[Sings.

He that will not when he may,

When he will—he shall have nay.

Tol, lol, lol.

Now I think on't, I'll go to the Justice. [Exit.

L A W Y E R.

Go where you will, I'll hamper you for this. [Exit.

The End of the First A C T.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

A TAVERN.

HUNGRY and his Electors, at a Table Drinking and
Smaaking.

HUNGRY.

COME, my Constituents, don't baulk the Glas. Landlord! give a Hoghead of Ale to the Populace. You little think, Gentlemen, what Pains I took to get Leave to be Absent from the *House*, at this Time: I was forced to put on a very heavy Countenance, and Buz in the Ears of every one I met, how ill my Wife was. For I'm so necessary at this Juncture, in that Illustrious Assembly, that I should never have gotten Leave, upon any other Occasion. But I was resolved to come, according to my Promise, though I disobliged my honourable Friends. And it's no bad Policy to take ones self away sometimes, that they may know one's just Value, and esteem it accordingly. Come, we have had the King and Queen. What think ye of the Duke of York. [*Fills his Glasses.*

First ELECTOR.

Why we think, Squire, that he's a Papist, and will
make

make a very poor Protestant Prince, when he comes to be King. Please Gad the King dies without Children, as such a Thing may be, you know, Squire.

H U N G R Y.

I have seen him at Church, very often, I'll assure you, Gentlemen, then how can ye think he's a Papist?

Second E L E C T O R.

He must be half a Papist by Nature. His Mother never was at Church but once in her Life, and that was to be married, you know, Squire. And he has lived so long among Papishes Abroad, and kept them Company so much at Home, that I fear, as Neighbour *Jobson* says, he'll not do for King, if ever he comes to't; as Gad forbid, he should, I say. I don't love Papishes. They are bloody-minded People!

H U N G R Y.

Well, here's to his Reformation.

[*Drinks.*]

First E L E C T O R.

Ay, we'll drink that, or his Health, upon Occasion. The Man's a good Sort of a Man enough if he *warnt* a Papist. [*Drinks. The Rest do the same.*] But now we talk of the Duke of *York*. Pray how stands the Petition, Squire?

H U N G R Y.

O, I expect every Minute, to hear by Express, of its being thrown out. The Committee are all my Friends, to a Man. Besides I've an Influence elsewhere, that shall be Nameless now. You know
where

where I mean. I know what's what, as well as the best of them. But we must sing small, you know. I'm of some Consequence. I don't sit as most of your Country Gentlemen do, to say Ay and No, and hear others speak. No, I speak myself. And against I come down for the Summer, I'll have my Speeches printed, and make you Presents of them. They are most of them Pithy, and you'll like 'em extremely, especially, the political Part. Come, here's to my Friend, your other Representative. Poor Gentleman! he's terribly afflicted with the Gout. [Drinks.]

Second ELECTOR.

Then I'm afraid, Squire, all the Business lies upon your Honour. You must Speech it doubly now, then. But your Worship has Tongue enough, Gad be thanked for half a Dozen Members.

Enter the DRAWER.

DRAWER.

Sir, here's the Constable desires to know if you'll please to hear a Warrant. He has brought the Parties, he says.

HUNGRY.

No, no, a Coxcomb! not now, to be sure. Let Justice wait. I'm now in a higher Sphere; encircled by my Friends, my Constituents. I have devoted this Day to enjoy them.—But perhaps it may be some Entertainment—

tertainment to ye, Gentlemen, to see with what Facility I decide Controversies of this Nature. It will soon be over. I shall dispatch them presently. Bid them come in, [*Exit Drawer*] I granted this Warrant, just now, to Mr. Nummy, to take up two Strangers at the Bell, for cheating him of Twenty Guineas. The Squire is one of my Friends, and I shall do him Justice. A Gentleman ought to distinguish his Friends.

Third ELECTOR.

Now you Talk of Friends, Squire, pray which Way does the Wind sit? I've a Son at Sea, and he talks of coming Home when the Wind sits fair.

HUNGRY.

I believe it's northerly Neighbour.

Second ELECTOR.

It won't sit fair to Day, for it Rains plaguey hard, every now and then. Poor Jack, he has been a long Vyge. I should be glad to see him come Home shortly.

HUNGRY.

Where has he been, my Friend?

Third ELECTOR.

Somewhere, beyond the North Pole. But I can't remember those hard Names. He's at *Portsmouth* now, and will be here the first fair Wind, he says. And that can't be long.

Enter

Enter Constable, GAY, GOLD, NUMMY, MILES and Mob.

H U N G R Y.

So Constable, give me the Warrant. Are these the Persons that assaulted you, and took your Money, my Friend ?

N U M M Y.

Yes, Sir. I would have had the Constable to have searched them, and taken it away from them. But, he says, the Warrant does not mention it.

H U N G R Y.

'Tis all one, Sir. Who are ye, pray ?

G A Y.

Ourselves.

H U N G R Y.

And where do you live ?

G A Y.

Here. Where I stand.

H U N G R Y.

What's your Name ?

G A Y.

Gay.

H U N G R Y.

And what's yours ?

G O L D.

Gold.

H U N G R Y.

H U N G R Y.

And pray where is your usual Place of Residence,
Gay.

G A Y.

Here and there and every where, *Bath, London, Scarborough, Cheltenham, Epsom, Newmarket, Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Edinborough*, or any where.

H U N G R Y.

Gamblers, I suppose.

G A Y.

No, Sir. Gentlemen.

H U N G R Y.

Doubtless. So are most of the Pick-pockets in *London*, and as well dressed. We don't judge by Appearances, but Evidence. This worthy Gentleman, Mr. *Nummy*, alledges that you have cheated him of Twenty Guineas. Which of them had it, Sir?

N U M M Y.

That—Gay.

H U N G R Y.

Gay, return the Gentleman his Money, and ask his Pardon.

G A Y.

Sir, he put the Money into my Friend's Hand, to gage against an equal Sum of mine, for a Wager, which he then lost. As he will his Remedy, here. Though we are no Contemners of Justice.

H U N G R Y.

H U N G R Y.

He says, you took it *vi et armis*. What Evidence have you to contradict it ?

G A Y.

There were Standers-by. But depending upon our own Innocency and your Justice, we brought nobody.

H U N G R Y.

Then, I must bind you over. So send for your Sureties. My Friend *Nummy* sha'n't lose his Money. I have heard the Merits of the Cause from him, and find it a very plain Fraud.

G A Y.

We are Strangers, and have no Sureties.

H U N G R Y.

Then I shall send you safely guarded to a certain Citadel called *Fishberton*, where you'll be as safely kept, 'till you are delivered by his Majesty's Justice of Assize.

G A Y.

Then we shall find such a Thing as an Information against one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace.

H U N G R Y.

Shall you so ?—I believe not. Was none of ye by, when this was done ?

Second M O B.

Yes, and please your Honour, I was.

H U N G R Y.

O, what honest *John Thompson*, that lost two Horses
and

and found a Cart. Come, let me hear what thou hast to say, in this Matter.

Second M o B.

Why and please your Honour, this Morning being *Sbrove-Tuesday*, and our Market, I bought a Piece of Beef of *John Cotton*, that weighed eighteen Pounds and an Half, and about an Ounce, or something more.

H U N G R Y.

Well, but what's that to the Purpose? I don't want to know what you did this Morning, but what you saw this Afternoon, relating to Mr. *Nummy's* Twenty Guineas.

Second M o B.

Why and please your Honour, as to that, Sir, to be short and *briefly* and the like, I saw Squire *Nummy*, (begging his Pardon,) but I am upon Oath I suppose, or shall be, put his Twenty Guineas into this Gentleman's *Hond*, and so, tother made a Wager, as how, that if the Squire knocked the Cock down and stood on his Tail, he was to win.

H U N G R Y.

Well, that Part of the Story I know: And as the other is circumstanced, Mr. *Nummy* shall wave it. 'Tis no Fraud I find; a damned sharp Bite though. You may have Relief at Common Law, my Friend. But here's an Assault appendant to this, that properly falls within my Cognisance: You shall prosecute them at Sessions for that. I can serve you there, in Person.

That's

That's my own Province. I'm of as much Consequence there, as in the *House*.

N U M M Y.

Yes, Sir. He assaulted me bad enough; that *John Thompson* and several more, can witness, and swear too; and was going to geld me; and called me Calf, and Bull-flag.

H U N G R Y.

Where's my Man? Clerk! swear *John Thompson*.

Second M O B.

Please your Honour, I don't know whether I can swear safely or no. And I don't care to be *parjur'd*. For as I take it, Squire gave the first *Defence*. And tother did nothing but offer to pull out his Sword to save Bloodshed and Murder.

N U M M Y.

No! Didn't I fall down backwards? And didn't he come and keep me down with a naked Sword out of the *Sheaf*?

Second M O B.

Yes, Sir. But your naked Sword was out of the *Sheaf* first. And you fell down backwards of your own Accord, and got up again when you could lie no longer.

H U N G R Y.

You must go to Common Law, my Friend, I find, at last. Wagers are unlawful and Gambling illegal.
Gentle-

Gentlemen, you are discharged, tho' not Guiltless.
It happens to be *Coram non Judice*.

G A Y.

O, your humble Servant. We may thank our Fortunes rather than your Justice for that Favour.

H U N G R Y.

Fie, Gentlemen, you wrong my Impartiality. I neither know your Fortunes nor your Persons.

G A Y.

Indeed! well I think our Fortune's very good to escape such Talons. Impartiality tho'! Pray Sir, do you think it is in the Power of any Member, in the Commission of the Peace, to do Justice in his own Borough, and in the Eyes of his Electors, when one of the Parties is of their Body, and the other a Stranger? No. We have heard the Story of the Man's Mare that was stolen by one of your honest Constituents; whose Owner complained to you without Redress.

H U N G R Y.

Gentlemen, you Quarter at the House of a Malignant. A Man that is no Friend to me; and have heard the Worst of the Story. But *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. I am sorry a Stranger should be used so ill. And if ever the same Person comes to the Town again, and has another Mare stolen, I'll do him Justice.

Enter.

Enter Drawer.

DRAWER.

Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

HUNGRY.

Come Gentlemen, [*To the Electors*] some two or
three ordinary Courses. [*Exeunt several Ways.*]



SCENE II.

*The Lawyer's Study.**The Lawyer Writing. A Knocking without.*

LAWYER.

COME in.

Enter Miles in Women's Cloaths.

MILES.

Servant, Sir.

LAWYER.

What do you want, pray?

MILES.

I come for your *Vice*, Sir.

LAWYER.

Have you brought me my Fee?

MILES.

No, Sir. I fear not. I have but one Shilling in
the

the World. *Miles* the Miller has *getton* all the Rest to buy a gold Ring and hire a Parson to marry us; but he has proved False, and cheated me: And that's what I would have your *Advice* about, if you please.

LAWYER.

A rascally Dog! He has bit me of ten Guineas too. But I shall hamper him for it presently.

MILES.

More Shame for him! And what can he be done to, Sir? Can't he be *Rested*?

LAWYER.

Yes, if you'll be my Witness.

MILES.

Yes, Sir. If you'll make him marry me.

LAWYER.

That, I can easily do. For he was here, Half an Hour ago, for my Advice, and owned he had got you with Child and promised you Marriage.

MILES.

O, the false wicked Thief! It is but too true, Sir.

LAWYER.

You look pretty round before. [*Lays his Hand upon Miles's Belly.*] He's a sad Dog, to abuse so pretty a Woman. [*Kisses him.*] Well, if you'll allow me the same Favour, and be my Witness against him, I'll be your Friend, for ever.

MILES.

Thank you Sir. But I've no Money to maintain me.

LAWYER.

LAWYER.

O, you shant want Money. Here's a Couple of Guineas in Earnest of what I shall do for you. Step into the next Room.

MILES.

I shall be willing to oblige so kind a Gentleman in any Thing that I can do, so you'll give me a Bit of a Note to take Care of the Child, if this Rogue of a Miller should run away.

LAWYER.

Ay, my Dear, that I will. [*Write.*] Here my Girl.

[*Gives the Note.* Sing.

I Give you this Token to weave in your Loom,

MILES. [*Sing.*]

My Belly's so full, Sir, I fear there's no Room.

LAWYER.

O, a Gun is never so deeply charged but one may thrust in the Rammer. I'll only feel how deep you are Loaded. [*Feels.*

MILES.

Stand off—you Son of a Whore! would you ravish a Man? Ha! I'll go and swear Ravishment against you directly. You are as bad as Sodom and Gomorrah.

[*Sings.*

I'm Miles the brave Miller who takes Toll of all,

The Rich and the Poor, the Great and the Small.

And

And now Lawyer, if you don't tip me the other two Guineas, I shall tell your Wife of your Tricks and shew her this Bill, in which you have promised to bring up a Brat of a Whore's Spawning.

LAWYER.

Am I then bit again? Well honest *Miles*, you must have Mercy, and keep it a Secret. I wou'dn't have my Wife know it. She's a Woman of a high, termagant Spirit, and will lead me a Devil's Life. For what's past, if I never hear from you—you shall never hear from me.

MILES sings.

*A Match, a Match, Lawyer, then farewell for ever;
This Money will make me, and keep the Brats clever.*

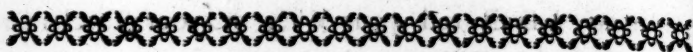
[Exit.

LAWYER.

A damned Rogue! well, let it go. Somebody shall pay for't.

[Exit.





S C E N E III.

The Market-Place.

*The Mob at a Case of Ale, with Mugs, Jugs, Dishes
and Ladles.*

Fourth M o b.

HUNGRY! Hungry! Hungry for ever! Come, you Rogues, follow your Captain. Huzza! [*They all Shout.*] Now, drink round, Squire Hungry, for ever. [*They draw and drink.*]

Fifth M o b.

But Captain! *maynt* we drink the *Healpb* of our tother *Resentative*?

Fourth M o b.

Yes, Neighbour, be sure. Come Lads, here's tother *Resentative's Healpb*. [*Drinks.*]

Sixth' M o b.

But what's his Name? Blues! I can't speak thick hard Word, you call'n by.

Fourth M o b.

Why! why! what's Matter what his *Neame* is. He's a very honest Gentleman they say, only he loves to save his Money. And that's a natural *Caase* you know.

He

He was too Modest to come down himself to be chose, notwithstanding he was sure of the Election. For the Gentlemen of the Town were all for him, you know. So that he was forced to be chosen whether he would or no. Perhaps it was none of his seeking, and as they forced it upon him, *bolens nolens*, I question whether he has suffered himself to accept of the Place yet, for no body takes any Notice now of any body but Squire Hungry.

Seventh M o B.

And that's enough. For as he's as big as two Men, why *moynt* he fit in two Men's Places? *Luck! luck!* here's *Peg*, the Captain's Lady.

Enter P E G.

Fourth M o B.

Well! what do you want, *Peg*?

P E G.

What's that to you, Sirrah? *Moynt* I drink Squire Hungry's Health?

Fourth M o B.

Not here. This isn't a Place for Women. So reel Home, if you're able, or else I shall measure your slender Waist, with this Belt athurt your Shoulders.

P E G.

Is this to be borne, Neighbour? from a poor paul-

I 2

try

try pennylefs Rogue, that I raked out of a Dunghill !
Sirrah, did not I put a Shirt upon your Back ?

Fourth M o B.

What ! d'ye tell Tales out of School ! I shall strap
you by and by, I find. You did give me a Shirt ;
but it was not that I wanted one, only a clean one :
And that you stole from *Isaac Smalstock* the Foot-
soldier.

P E G.

O you lying, impudent hang-in-chains Dog ! can
you make good what you say ?

Fourth M o B.

No. 'Tis too bad to make good, and you too. So,
Home, Home and snore yourself sober, [*Pushes her
out, and throws a Mug of Drink after her*] we're not
Company for Women, I think.

Fifth M o B.

She's a most tolerable, vexious Sort of a scolding
Woman, Captain.

Fourth M o B.

Ay, I'm gallas'd out of my seven senses a'most, with
her. Come, [*Sounds the Cask*] we arn't out yet. Here's
Contusion to all such Vixens, I say. [*They drink.*] Od,
here's the Crowder, [*Enter a Fidler*] come, *Merryman*,
play us a Tune.

[*Fidler plays and they all sing, Tol, lol, lol.*]

Enter

Enter Nummy half Drunk.

N U M M Y.

Brandy's a bloody strong Liquor sure! Tol, lol, lol, lol. What *Countryman* are you, Sirrah, ha?

F I D L E R.

None at all, Sir. I'm a Citizen of *London*.

N U M M Y.

And what Trade are you?

F I D L E R.

None Sir. I'm a Gentleman, that practises Musick, which is one of the Seven Sciences.

N U M M Y.

Musick—one of the seven Senses? It may, for what I know. Well Crowder, what can you play?

F I D L E R.

Any Thing. Sola's, Sonata's, Rigadoons and Cantata's.

N U M M Y.

Sirrah! Do you talk Gibberish to me?

F I D L E R.

No, Sir. *English*.

N U M M Y.

You [*Hiccup*] Lie Sirrah. There's no such *English* talk in this World, nor the World to come.

F I D L E R.

But there is in *London*.

N U M M Y.

Sir, I know *London* better than you do. I once lodged a Month together, at the *Three Black-Birds* in *Drury-Lane*, and was [*Hiccops*] dead-drunk all the Time. You're some *Dutch*, *High German* Rogue or other, sent over for a Spy. No true-born *Englishman*, I'm sure. Can you talk *Hebrew*, *Greek* or *Garaback*? If you can—Speak away: I understand those *Lingars* perfectly.

F I D L E R.

No Sir. I'm not so far learned.

N U M M Y.

Then, you know nothing of Musick. For Musick's not *English*, Crowder. [*Exit singing Tel, lol.*

Fifth M O B.

Bless us, Captain. What a *Scholar* the Squire is? I did not think it had been in him.

Fourth M O B.

O, he was Half a Year at *Oxbridge*, Man, and can chop Logick, they say. The Parlon is not fit to hold his Hornen-Book to him. [*Tries to draw Beer.*] Hi! Hi! Why this Barrel was never full of Ale. It's out already. This biting Rascal of a Landlord has cheated us of bove Half.

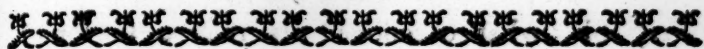
Fifth M O B.

Let's go and tell Squire *Hungry* of it, Captain.

Fourth M O B.

Withal my Heart. Come along. *Hungry*! for ever.
Huzza Boys. [*Exeunt Omnes, rolling the Cask before them.*

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

An INN.

HUNGRY *and his Electors, at a Table drinking.*

HUNGRY.

COME, Gentlemen. Every Man a Bumper.
Here's the Church. [*They drink.*] It's pretty good, I think.

First ELECTOR.

Ay. But nothing like what your Worship gave us at your own House. There was Beer! and you Talk of Beer—as strong as Brandy.

HUNGRY.

How old do you think it was?

First ELECTOR.

Why, I war'nt it was seven Year old, or near upon't.

HUNGRY.

Seven Year old! it was brewed for my Christening.

First ELECTOR.

Od Squire! I'm afraid that's a Gun, asking your Worship's Pardon.

HUNGRY.

Indeed it's very true.

I 41

First

Second ELECTOR.

Pray Sir, what occasioned its reserve so long? wasn't it ready?

HUNGRY.

Yes. But I was sickly when I came into the World, and so named in a Hurry. And the Vault wherein it was bricked up, never opened, till I opened it, to treat my peculiar Friends.

First ELECTOR.

What, had the old Knight forgot it, then?

HUNGRY.

No. But kept it 'till I died, that the Neighbourhood might be the better for coming to my Funeral. for being so Puny, they did not expect I should live above a Year at farthest. But I disappointed them all, and am living still, you see.

Third ELECTOR.

'Twas humming Stuff, indeed, that's True. Pray Squire, when you're at the Parliament-House, don't you sometimes hear of a little Place, that is fit for a young Man? I have a Son, a sad Dog, that will come to hanging or some such timely End, I'm afraid, if he don't mend his Manners.

HUNGRY.

Is he any thing of a Scholar?

Third ELECTOR.

Not much of that; but he can read, I believe, if he han't forgotten,

HUNGRY.

H U N G R Y.

He won't do for the Revenue, then, as he can't write; but I can procure him a Place in the Military. How tall may he be?

Third E L E C T O R.

Five Foot 'leven, without Shoes.

H U N G R Y.

O! his Fortune's made. He shall be entered as a Cadet, immediately.

Third E L E C T O R.

Pray Sir, what is that? Chaplain?

H U N G R Y.

No. But 'tis a snug Place a little below. Most of your younger Brothers step in there, first.

Third E L E C T O R.

O, then it won't do for him. For this is my eldest Son.

Fourth E L E C T O R.

Blues! couldn't you have held your Tongue! Sir, I should be glad of that same *Heavenly* Place, as you spoke of just now, for my Son: He went to writing School a Matter of nine Weeks, or little Less, and writes as big a Hand as ever you saw in your Life.

H U N G R Y.

O, he may do for my Clerk. I shall want a Footman, soon.

Fourth E L E C T O R.

He shall serve you Sir, in any *Compassity* in the

World ; and will make a deadly good *Foot* man, for he has been used to *Riding*.

First ELECTOR.

Pray Sir, ha'n't your Lady no Occasion of a Waiting-Maid to dress and undress her in a Morning, and get her a Bit of Victuals, now and then ? Iv'e a Girl *a Home*, about fifteen Year old, that gets her Twenty-pence a Week a spinning of Jersey. And having lived at Home all her Life-time and seen nothing, would now go to Service and learn to know herself, if I could get her a Gentlewoman's Place, where she might live without working.

H U N G R Y.

I wish I had known this a Week sooner.

First ELECTOR.

O dear, and so do I. For she loves your Worship *wonderously*, and at the Election, cry'd *Hungry for ever !* 'till she was as hoarse as a Trumpet. My Wife too, you know Sir, is a good clean sort of a Woman, but she want's Work ; and Times being hard, I should be glad of a small Place in the Parliament House for her. I can spare her. If it ben't too much Trouble to your Honour. If it was to be one of the Maids of Honour to the King, I didn't care. She can Bake and Brew, or Cook, or any thing for his Majesty.

[*A Horn blows without.*]

H U N G R Y.

H U N G R Y.

Hark! Hark. The Express I expected, is now come. I must leave ye a little. [Exit.

First ELECTOR.

I shall be glad if Squire can get my Wife this Maid of Honour's Place: For then, I shall have nobody to fetch me Home from *Ellhouse*.

Second ELECTOR.

I had rather the Squire would get a Law made to oblige Landlords. to make their Ale stronger. For they sell such Ratgut now, that an honest, sober, pains-taking Man can scarcely get drunk on a *Saturday* Night with his whole Week's Wages. And that's really a lamentable Case, and calls loudly for Amendment.

Fourth ELECTOR.

Why ay, Neighbour, that's one of our greatest Grievances, and ought to be the first redressed.

First ELECTOR.

And it shall be redressed, too. Why we are the Parliament, in effect, and may have what Laws we please. The Members are only our Journeymen; and they shall do as we bid 'em, or else, they shall no more be chosen, for me. But turned out, and sent to Grass, like disobedient Servants.

Fourth ELECTOR.

Then, a Man might come by his own. Now, a Member can get into Debt and bid Defiance to Bailiffs.

I had

I had some Effects left me by a Sister, about twelve Years ago, in the Hands of a Member; who obliged me to File a Bill in *Chancery* against him for their Recovery. But as my Lawyer can't proceed, on Account of his Priviledge, but only on some few Days in a Year, I find by the Schoolmaster's Calculation, who was bred a Lawyer, that the Suit will last a Hundred and two Years, before it's ended. So, unless I can get a new Lease of my Life, I shall, not only lose all my Labour and Costs, but my Legacy also. A Pox of Priviledge! I say.

First ELECTOR.

And I, too; if that be true, Neighbour. But I think a Gentleman would scorn to take such Advantages, to the Delay of Justice. He is no Man of Honour, I'm sure.

Fourth ELECTOR.

I don't know, as to that; but he is called *your Honour* at every Word, and Stiles himself a Man of *Quality*.

First ELECTOR.

'Tis a damned ill one, then. Lud! Lud! that ever Gentlemen should suffer such People to sit by 'em! Now, if I was the King, *Tom*, I'd make every one that took such Advantages, wear a Mark upon his Cloaths, like a Sheep's Brand, that Men of true Honour might know him by, and avoid his Company.

Fourth

Fourth ELECTOR.

We, that chuse them, might prevent it, by making them swear before they are chosen, that they never will use such perilous Priviledge, to the utter Ruin of poor People.

Enter HUNGRY with a Letter.

HUNGRY.

Gentlemen, I beg your Pardons. I have received some bad News from *London*, that ravishes me from you, whether I will or no. *[Exit.]*

First ELECTOR.

Odsbobs! What can be the Meaning of this?

Third ELECTOR.

Perhaps, they are making some new Law, that he does not hugely like of, and so is going to get it altered to his Mind. You hear, he's a main Man among them.

Second ELECTOR.

Or else there's some Plot against the King and Country, hatching. If it wa'n't for such wise Men as he, mun, we should have a Fifth of *November* every Year; and be swallowed up alive with Gun-powder every Week.

First ELECTOR.

Ay, right, Neighbour. And have Friars and Nuns.

in

in every House, and Popery and Slavery in every Parish.

Enter Captain and Mob, with the Cask.

Fourth M O B.

Huzza! Boys—Hungry for ever! Where a Devil's Landlord? He has filled our Cask by Wine-measure, and cheated Squire and us too.

First E L E C T O R.

'Then, he's no true Englishman I'm sure. For Wine-measure's a French Roman Catholick Measure, and runs far short of our honest Winchester.

Fifth M O B.

No, no. Englishman! Why, he was born in [Hiccups] the Wilds of Kent, among the Highlanders in Scotland.

Fourth M O B.

But where's Squire, among you, tho'?

Third M O B.

Why Squire has received some doleful News from the Parliament-House, or the Court. And so com'd and begged our Pardons for being so bold, for letting him go.

Fifth M O B.

I war'n't the King has heard of the Man's Mare, and took away his Justiceship.

Fourth

Fourth MOB.

Od! that may be. 'Tis a plaguey Blot in his Scutcheon, at Court, they say. May be, he may be turned out of his Membership, and then we shall have a new *Lecton*. Huzza Boys! [*They all Shout*] Why Landlord! [*Calls loud.*]

Enter Landlord, followed by Second Mob.

LANDLORD.

This is surprizing News, Neighbours.

Fourth MOB.

What! you cheating Bitch.

LANDLORD.

Why Squire's *Dispelled* the *House*, and thrown over the Bar.

First ELECTOR.

The Devil! we shall have a new *Lecton*, indeed.

LANDLORD.

No. The Petitioner takes his Place.

Fourth MOB.

Then, he's stripped of all his Honourship at once.

Second MOB.

And all his Squireship, too, Captain?

Fourth MOB.

To besure, *John Thompson*.

Second ELECTOR.

I hope he paid the Reckoning, afore he went.

LAND-

LANDLORD.

No more than Ten Shillings. He bid me collect the Rest among you: Or put it into my Levy, as Overseer of the Poor, and he'd get it signed, he said, when he came again.

Fourth ELECTOR.

Ah! Rot'm, that'll ne'er be. He says, it cost him Three Thousand Pounds to be chose, here, what with one Expençe and what with another. A Pox take him and his fair Words, I say. He'll ne'er appear here again, of one while. He's too much out at Elbows for that.

First ELECTOR.

Your Son will lose his Clerk's Place, too, now.

LANDLORD.

I'm in the worst Hole, I fear, if he comes no more.

Fourth MOB.

Then, you should have stopped his Horßes.

LANDLORD.

Ah, but he's a Gentleman and a Justice.

Fourth MOB.

Let him have been the Devil! I'd have my Reckoning.

LANDLORD.

Yes, Pox. And so have been bound over, for want of good Behaviour. No, no, I had no Occasion to run that Risk. Here's enough to pay it, as long as Squire will get the Levy signed.

Fourth

Fourth M O B.

O, that shall never pass. Do you think we'll be Priest-ridden so? No, no, our Parliament Man shall get a Levy signed to hang you, upon your own Sign-post, first.

Enter GAY and GOLD.

G A Y.

So, Gentlemen. Where's your Justice?

Second E L E C T O R.

O, Pox on him! he's run away, and left us the Bag to hold.

G A Y.

Not empty, I hope.

Second E L E C T O R.

By my Troth, but it is. There's the Devil to pay, and the Devil a Farthing to pay it withal, save, a lonely Angel, he has left behind. He says, it must be paid by a Rate on the Parish. Landlord's Overseer.

G O L D.

Alas, poor *Tarquin*!

Second M O B.

Tarking! What, do you know my Cousen, Sir? He's in *Vixe* Bridewell.

G O L D.

No, honest Evidence. I mean the flying Squire,
that

186. *The REMAINS of the*

that Whilom sat here, at the Head of his Constituents.
There's something for the Service you did us.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Second M O B.

Thank you, thank you kindly, Sir. I'm fure you
are a Gentleman by this *Generosittiness*.

Seventh M O B.

I, I said nothing against you, Sir.

G O L D.

There's something for you then. [*Gives him Money.*]

Fourth M O B.

I was going to speak for you too, but only I had
not Room. Squire *Nummy* spoke so fast. 'Twas half
out and half in.

G O L D.

Well. There's something for your good Will.

[*Gives Money.*]

Fourth M O B.

Thank your *koynedness*, Sir. If Squire *Hungry* was
half so open hearted, it would be the better for him.

Second M O B.

He! a clung Tuode! he i'n't to be named on the
same Day with this Gentleman. No, nor Squire
Nummy neither.

G A Y.

How comes it, the Squire is not among you? He's
one of your Body, one of Mr. *Hungry*'s Constituents.

Second

Second M O B.

'Tis much but he's gone to hang himself before this, for his Twenty Guineas.

Fourth M O B.

No, no. He isn't. I saw him awhile, as Drunk as a Devil, talking *Latin* and Scripture to a Fidler, as Sober as a Judge.

G O L D.

Ay! Can the Squire talk *Latin*?

Fourth M O B.

Before Sir, and no Wonder. He has been at School all his Life-time. Servant noble Master Squire.

Enter N U M M Y.

Talk of the Devil, they say, and his Imps appear.

G A Y.

Very true. Here's one.

N U M M Y.

Servant, good People. Well Gentlemen, will you return my Twenty Guineas, or must I go to [*Hiccops*] Common Law, as Mr. *Hungry* advises me?

G A Y.

Mr. *Hungry's* a very good Counsellor: Pray follow his Advice. He'll make you of as much Consequence in *Westminster-Hall* as his Worship.

NUMMY.

NUMMY.

May be I may, may be I may not. [*Hiccops.*] I have been to a Lawyer, about it a'ready, Mun.

GAY.

Yes, so I hear, and pushed him down Backwards. But you'll be much safer in the Hands of a Common Whore than the Common Law. But I shall save you from the Last. Here's your Twenty Guineas again.

[*Gives him a Purse.*]

NUMMY.

You're a very honest Gentleman, now. Let's see if there's all, tho'. [*Tells them.*] No Counters among them, I hope. Your Money Changers at *London* do such Things often. Will ye please to drink a Pint of Wine, or a [*Hiccop*] Bottle of the best Ale?

GAY.

No Sir. We want neither, and are something in Haste; as we lie at *Bath* to Night. I did not intend to keep your Money, any longer than we staid to Dine. And that being past, we came hither on Purpose to find you.

NUMMY.

Od! I'm very glad of it. For at *Easter* I should have rode Post to *London*, to have Feed Council against the Term. But it's [*Hiccops*] much better as it is. I don't love Contention, and Law, and Quarrelling, and so forth; not I. Well, Gentlemen, to make you Amends, if you please to stand Candidates against one
another

another at the next Election, you shall have my Vote and Interest, for a small Matter.

OMNES.

And mine. And mine.

GOLD.

Gentlemen, we thank you. But as we are engaged elsewhere, we must decline the Offer. But for your kind Intentions, take a Word or two of Advice, from a Heart entirely honest and *English*. Chuse only such neighbouring Gentlemen as well know what you want: And such as have a bigger Dependance upon the Country than the Court: And understand that Branch of Trade that this Country subsists on, too well to let it be attacked and undermined in any Disguise, without Discovery: And such, as are brave enough, to oppose its Subverters.

*And then, your Trade will flourish and Encrease,
Your selves be Happy, and Dissention cease.*

The E N D.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

AS *Menelaus* watchful, lay tossing in Bed,
 His Wife's former Failings came into his Head,
 Who, soothing reply'd—tho' my Body they bore
 On Shipboard—my Soul was with you on the Shore.

If true, quoth the King, it was done very well :
 But leave, next Elopement, your *Body* dear *Nell*.





A

C O R R E C T I O N

Of the FIRST ACT of

SHAKESPEAR'S HAMLET:

From an amended Copy in his Lordship's
own Hand-Writing.

LINE 8.

" 'TIS now *struck* Twelve."

AMENDMENT.

'Tis now *past* Twelve.

REMARKS.

This is false Syntax.

LINE 40.

" Well, let's down,

" And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this."

AMENDMENT.

Well, let's down,

And hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

LINE

LINE 42.

" Last Night of all,
 " When yond same Star that's westward from the Pole,
 " Had made his Course to *enlighten* that Part of Heaven
 " Where now it *burns*, Marcellus and myself,
 " The Bell then *beating* One."

AMENDMENT.

Last Night of all,
 When *yon'* same Star that's westward to the Pole,
 Had made *its* Course to *Light* that Part of Heaven
 Where now it *shines*, Marcellus and myself,
 The Bell then *sounding* one,——

REMARKS.

His and *its*, are of different Genders ; and the word *Enlighten* too long for the Measure. The Bell, that is passive, and *beat* upon, is an Absurdity here. And as the Ghost appears, and puts an End to this unfinished Relation, it should be pointed with a *Break*, as above.

LINE 55.

" In which the Majesty of *buried* Denmark
 " Did *sometime* march ?"

AMENDMENT.

In which the *buried* Majesty of Denmark
 Did *sometimes* march ?

REMARKS.

In the former, the Kingdom is buried, instead of the King.

LINE

LINE 64.

"I could not believe *this*,"

AMENDMENT.

I could not *this* believe,

LINE 71.

"So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle,

"He smote the sleaded Pollax *on* the Ice."

AMENDMENT.

So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle,

He smote the sleaded *Poll-axe* in the Ice.

REMARKS.

Much Contention hath been about this Word *Poll-axe*: Many that pretend to know *Shakespeare's* Meaning better than himself, say, it should be *Polack*, for a *Po-lander*, whom the King had slain. But then, what will they do with the Epithet *Sleader*? that agrees with an Axe, but not with a Man; and signifies loaded with lead, or other great Weight like a Sledge-hammer, that Smiths use for their heaviest Work. The King was then, in an angry Parle (which can't signify Fighting) and because he could not have his Will, most furiously struck his loaded or heavy Battle-axe into the Ice, on which he then stood.

LINE 74.

"Thus twice before, and at the same Hour,"

K

AMEND-

AMENDMENT.

Thus twice before, and at the self-same Hour,

LINE 81.

" So nightly Toils the Subject of the Land ?

AMENDMENT.

So nightly Toils the *Subjects*, &c.

LINE 86.

" What *might be towards*, that this sweatty Haste
 " Makes the Night *joint* Labour with the Day ?

AMENDMENT.

What *War in Prospect*, that this sweatty Haste
 Still makes the Night *join* Labour with the Day ?

REMARKS.

The Former is not only inelegant and insignificant,
 but also Nonsense.

LINE 101.

" Was gaged by our King, which had *returned*
 " To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*
 " Had he been Vanquisher :

AMENDMENT.

Was gaged by our King, which had *enur'd*
 Unto th' Inheritance of *Fortinbras*
 Had he been Vanquisher :

REMARKS.

REMARKS.

These Lands could have no *Return*, that had never turned, or moved from the primitive Owner.

LINE 156.

"It is ever as the Air, invulnerable,
And our Vain Blows *malicious Mockery*."

AMENDMENT.

Since, like the Air, it's still Invulnerable,
And our Vain Blows *but idle Mockery*.

REMARKS.

Malice is always accompanied with antierour Ideas; it not being a sudden Passion of the Mind, which we call Anger. And *Malice*, *forethought*, or *Prepence*, is no other than *Malice* itself. But there could be no *Malice* here.

LINE 174.

"No Fairy *takes*,"

AMENDMENT.

No Fairy *treads*,

REMARKS.

There is nothing to *take*, in this Speech. And the nocturnal Revels of Fairies consist mostly in *treading* a Ring upon the Grass.



S C E N E II.

LINE 106.

" **I**S Death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd
 " From the first Coarse till he that died to Day,
 " This must be so :"

A M E N D M E N T.

Is Death of Fathers, and it must be so.

R E M A R K S.

This is contracted, to make the Passage sense, or at
 least understood.

L A S T L I N E.

" ————— Come away." [Exeunt.

A M E N D M E N T.

————— Come. Away.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.



S C E N E

S C E N E III.

LINE 4.

“HIS Cannon ’gainst self Slaughter!”

A M E N D M E N T.

His Canon, &c.

S C E N E IV.

LINE 23.

“WOULD I had met my *dearest* Foe in Heaven,”

A M E N D M E N T.

Would I had met my *deadliest* Foe, &c.

LINE 55.

“ ——— : I *know* your Father,

“ These Hands are not more like.”

A M E N D M E N T.

——— : *So like* your Father,

These Hands are not more like.

R E M A R K S.

There was a Necessity for altering this, as *know* was

K₃

a false

a false Tense: And *know* would not have amended it perfectly. For it appears before, that the Relator *Horatio* had seen the King but once, and could not be supposed to know him very well.

LINE 91.

"It was as I *have* seen it in his Life,"

AMENDMENT.

It was: As I *had* seen it, *when alive*,

REMARKS.

This *have*, makes the Reader think, *Horatio* had seen the King often.

LINE 102.

"Let it *require* your Silence still,"

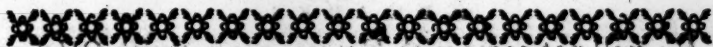
AMENDMENT.

Let it be *tenable* in Silence still.

REMARKS.

Require, is a wrong *Voice*.





S C E N E V.

LINE 2.

" **A**ND Sister, as the Winds give *Benefit*
 " And convey in *Assistance*, do not sleep,
 " But let me hear from you."

A M E N D M E N T.

And Sister, *often* as the Winds *be fit*,
 And give *Assistance* to conveyance, sleep not,
 But let me hear from you.

R E M A R K S.

The former Part is defective in Sense, as well as Grammar.

LINE 10.

" The Perfume and Suppliance of a Minute :"

A M E N D M E N T.

The *short* Perfume and Suppliance of a Minute :

LINE 14.

" For Nature crescent does not grow alone,
 " In Thews and Bulks ; but as *this* Temple waxes,"

A M E N D M E N T.

For crescent Nature does not only grow
 In Height and Bulk ; but as *this* Temple Waxes,

REMARKS.

His, will not agree with Nature, nor yet with *Ophelia*.

LINE 23.

"The Safety and Health of this whole State,"

AMENDMENT.

The Safety and *the* Health, &c.

LINE 49.

"Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,

"Shew *me* the steep and thorny Way to Heaven,

"*Whiles* like a Libertine

"*Himself* the Primrose Path of Dalliance tread,

"And *recks* not his own Read."

AMENDMENT.

Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,

Shew *us* the steep and thorny Way to Heaven,

Whilst, like *the* Libertine,

Themselves the Primrose Paths of Dalliance tread,

And *Reck* not *their* own Read.

REMARKS.

The Amendments in the first four Lines were necessary to reconcile them to Grammar and Sense: And the last Line signifies, now properly wrote, that they reckon not their own Reading; or make any Account of the Instructions they give to others.

LINE 77.

" And they in *France* of the best Rank and Station,
 " *Are of a most select and generous, chief in that :*"

AMENDMENT.

For they in *France* of the best Rank and Station,
 In all Things generous, most abound in That.

REMARKS.

Here were two Adjectives without a Substantive.

LINE 79.

" Neither a Borrower nor a Lender, *Boy,*

AMENDMENT.

Neither a Borrower nor Lender *be,*

AMENDMENT.

LINE 106.

" Affection! puh, you speak like a green Girl,
 " *Ungifted* in such perillous Circumstances."

AMENDMENT.

Ungifted in such, &c.

LINE 120.

" I Springes to catch, &c.

AMENDMENT.

Aye, Springes, &c.

LINE 134.

" But *meer Implorators* of unholy Suits,
 " Breathing like sanctified and pious *Bonds,*
 " The better to beguile :"

AMENDMENT.

But mere *Implorers* of unholy *Suits*
Breathing like *sanctify'd* and pious *Barons*,
The better, &c.



SCENE VII.

LINE 2.

"IT is a nipping and an *eager* Air."

AMENDMENT.

It is a nipping and an *eager* Air.

REMARKS.

Vide the Note on this Word in the next Scene.

LINE 5.

"No, it *is* struck."

AMENDMENT.

No. It *has* struck.

LINE 34.

"Being Nature's Livery or Fortune's *Star*."

AMENDMENT.

— or Fortune's *Star*.

LINE 38.

“ From that particular Fault : The Dram of Ease,
 “ Deth all the noble Substance to a Doubt,
 “ To his own Scandal.”

AMENDMENT.

These three Lines, save the first four Words to be
 struck out.



S C E N E VIII.

LINE 60.

“ SO Vice, tho’ to a radiant Angel link’d,
 “ Will sort itself in a celestial Bed,
 “ And prey on Garbage.”

AMENDMENT.

So Lust, tho’ to a radiant Angel link’d,
 Will fate itself in a celestial Bed,
 And prey on Garbage.

LINE 66.

“ Upon my *secure* Hour thy Uncle stole.”

AMENDMENT.

Upon my *secret* Hour, &c.

LINE

LINE 73.

"And with a sudden Vigour it doth *possesse*
 "And curd, like *eager Droppings* into Milk,
 "The thin and wholefome Blood, &c."

AMENDMENT.

And with sudden Vigour it doth *posset*,
 And curd like *Egar*, *dropping* into Milk,
 The thin, &c.

REMARKS.

The Word *Egar* is a Substantive, and not an Adjective: It being a general *English* Name for Acids of all Kinds, and used singly in many Counties, to signify *Vinegar*, *Alegar*, &c. tho' they are Compounds. Had the original Words of *Shakespear* been *Eager Droppings* into Milk, alluding to the Way of making *Sillibubs*, the Thought would have been inverted; for the Milk does not curdle, but is *curdled*, by the Acid it is milked upon. Neither can the rapid Motion of Milking be called *Droppings*, tho' helped by *Eager*. For *eager Droppings* are like swift *Crawlings*, slow at the best.

LINE 82.

"Unmuzzled, disappointed, un-aneal'd,"

AMENDMENT.

Unhouzzled, unarointed, unanknell'd.

LINE 98.

" ——— hold, hold my Heart,

" And you my Sinews, grow not instant *Old*,

" But bear me strongly up ;

A M E N D M E N T.

————— hold, hold my Heart,

And you my Sinews, grow not instant *Cold*,

But bear me strongly up ;

R E M A R K S.

A Man's Heart and Sinews may grow quickly *Cold*, by a sudden Surprise, or the like : But they can't instantly *Old*, by any Accident or Circumstance whatsoever.

LINE 112.

" My Tables, *meet* it is I set down,

" That one may Smile, &c."

A M E N D M E N T.

My Tables—*mete* it is I *mark* it down,

That one may Smile, &c.

[Writes.

LINE 125.

" O Wonderful !"

A M E N D M E N T.

O *Wonder* ! Wonderful !

R E M A R K S.

Without this word *Wonder*, the Question that follows, refers to nothing.

LINE

LINE 166.

" Ha, *ba*, Boy, say'st thou so ? Art thou there True-
 " penny ?

" Come on, you hear *this* Fellow in the *Selleridge*,"

AMENDMENT.

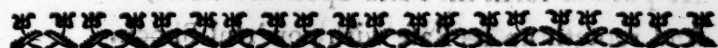
Ha Boy ! say'st thou so ? Art *there*, old True-penny ?
 Come on—you hear *the* Fellow in the *Cellarage*.

LINE 189.

" That you at such Times seeing me, never shall"
 " With Arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak't,
 " Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
 " As well, well, we know, or we could, and if we
 " would,
 " Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,
 " Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 " That you know ought of me, &c."

AMENDMENT.

That you at such Times seeing me, never shall
 (With Arms encumber'd thus—or thus, Head shak'd,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
 As well—we know—and could—but, let it Rest :
 Or such ambiguous giving-out) *denote*
 That you know ought of me. &c.



*The following was written by his LORDSHIP,
in an Interval of his last Illness: Being the
Twenty-eighth Chapter of the Book of Job,
paraphrased in Verse: Setting forth the
PRAISE of WISDOM.*

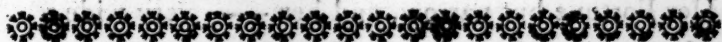
THE Earth, of Gold and Silver Veins hath store,
Which, by the Furnace are refin'd from Ore.
And Brass and Iron's taken from the Earth,
That gives to all Things sublunary—Birth.
The * *Holy-one*—to Darkness makes a Bound;
And searcheth where Perfection may be found,
Tho' Death and Darkness compass it around. }
The Torrent bursting from the Mountain's Side,
Outspreads its foaming Waters far and wide,
'Till its exhausted Source and stream is dry,
And leaves no Footsteps of its Fury nigh.
From Earth, comes Bread, and Fire, and Dust of Gold,
Bright Stones and Sapphires, pleasing to behold.
A Path there is—where never Fowl hath been,
The Vulture nor the Lion's Whelp hath seen.

* This Word is added to supply the Deficiency in the Original:
No Person but *He*, being mentioned therein.

He putteth forth his Palm upon the Rock,
 And rooteth up its Base with pow'rful Shock.
 He strikes the craggy Hills—and Rivers flow,
 His Eye beholdeth all Things high and low.
 He bids the Flood to keep its settled Bound :
 And bids the subterranean Thing be found.
 O! where shall Man such Understanding seek?
 Or with what Tongue the Worth of Wisdom speak?
 The Earth crys out, "It is not found in me!"
 And so, with loud Lamenting, says the Sea :
 Its Purchase is above the Price of Gold,
 Pearls, Silver, Sapphire, beauteous to behold.
 Nor can the precious Onyx be exchang'd
 For Wisdom—high above the Rubies rang'd.
 The Topaz, brought from *Ethiopian* Hills,
 Nor Crystal, that the Eye with brightness fills,
 Nor ripen'd Coral, with its blushing Root,
 Can weigh with Wisdom, or be liken'd to't.

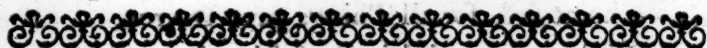
Whence then doth Wisdom come, or where abide,
 Which neither Fowls nor Men have yet espy'd?
 Death and Destruction only with their Ears,
 Have heard the Fame thereof—no more appears.
 God, only knows her secret, hiding Place,
 Whose Eye can measure Heav'n and Earth's broad Base:
 Whose Hand can weigh the Winds and mete the Seas,
 And bid it Rain or Thunder, Snow or Freeze.

HE—who at first, for all Things gave Decree,
And Wisdom then, did in Perfection see :
To mortal Man this Declaration made,
To guide his future Search, and Dimness aid :
“ The Fear of GOD is WISDOM ” (write it in thine
Heart)
“ And Understanding is—from Evil to depart.”



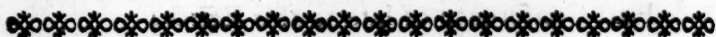
Upon Six HOLY SISTERS that met at a Convent-
icle to alter the Popish Word of Preaching.

SIX of the Female Sex, and purest Sect,
Had Conference of late to this Effect ;
How they might change the Popish Name of Preaching ;
Then, quoth the first, it shall be called Teaching ;
The second, tho' not learn'd, yet full as wise,
Said she lik'd best to call it Exercise ;
The third, being newly warm'd with Heav'nly News,
Fell to commend the Heav'nly Name of Lecture :
Nay, quoth the fourth, the Brethren, as I hear,
Do call it Speaking in Northamptonshire :
The fifth to none of these did yet accord,
But term'd it purely handling of the Word :
No, quoth the sixth, Standing's a Name more fit,
For Preachers in a Pulpit seldom fit :
To which two last accorded all the rest,
For all lik'd Handling well, but Standing best.



On MARRIAGE.

THE Clog of all Pleasure, the Luggage of Life,
 Is the best can be said of a very good Wife :
 But if she proves whorish, and peevish beside,
 Her Fortune but narrow, and her — very wide ;
Marriage then seems by the Devil invented,
 In the Height of his Malice, when over tormented ;
 And the Portion he gave with Madam, his Daughter,
 Is Hell upon Earth, worse than any hereafter.



The Imperfect ENJOYMENT.

ONE Day the amorous *Lysander*,
 By an impatient Passion sway'd,
 Surpris'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
 Who cou'd defend herself no longer.
 All Things did with his Love conspire,
 The gilded *Planet* of the Day,
 In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
 Was now descending to the Sea,
 And left no Light to guide the World,
 But what from *Cloris'* brighter Eyes were hurl'd.

In

In a lone Thicket made for Love,
 Silent as yielding Maid's Consent,
 She with a charming Languishment
 Permits his *Force*, yet gentle *grove*;
 Her *Hands* his *Bosom* softly meet,
 But not to put him back design'd,
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet;
 Resistance 'tis too late to show,
 She wants the Pow'r to say, ah! what d'ye do?

Her bright *Eyes* sweet, and yet severe,
 Where *Love* and *Fame* confus'dly strive.
 Fresh Vigour to *Lysander* give,
 And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,
 She cry'd, cease, cease your vain Desires,
 Or I'll call out—What wou'd you do?
 My dearest, Honour unto you
 I cannot, must not give; retire,
 Or take that *Life*, whose chiefest Part
 I gave thee with the Conquest of my Heart.

But he as much unus'd to Fear,
 As he was capable of Love,
 The blessed Minute to improve,
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair,
 Each *Touch* her new *Desires* alarms,
 Her burning, trembling Hand he press
 Upon her melting, snowy Breast,
 Whilst he lay panting in her Arms,

All her *unguarded* Beauties lie
Spoil, and *Trophies* of the Enemy.

And now, without Respect or Fear,
 He seeks the Object of his Vows,
 His Love no Modesty allows,
 By swift Degrees advancing where
 His daring Hand the *Altar* seiz'd,
 Where *Gods* of Love do Sacrifice
 That *awful Throne*, that *Paradise*,
 Where *Rage* is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd,
 That living *Fountain*, from whose Trills
 The *melted* Soul in *liquid* Drops distills.

Her balmy Lips encountering his,
 Their Bodies, as their Souls, they join,
 Where both in Transports unconfin'd
 Extend themselves upon the Moss;
Cloris, half dead, and breathless lay,
 Her Eyes appear like humid Light,
 Such as divide the Day and Night,
 Or falling *Stars*, whose Fires decay;
 And now no Signs of Life she shows,
 But what in short breath'd Sighs, returns and goes.

He saw how at her Length she lay,
 He saw her rising Bosom beat,
 Her loose, thin Robes, thro' which appear
 A Shape design'd for Love and Play,

Abandon'd

Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
 She does her softest Sweets dispense,
 Off'ring her *Virgin Innocence*
 A Victim to *Love's* sacred Flame,
 Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

Ready to taste a Thousand Joys,
 The too transported, hapless Swain,
 Found the vast *Pleasure* turn'd to *Pain*;
Pleasure, which too much *Love* destroys,
 The *willing Garments* by he laid,
 And *Heav'n* all open to his View,
 Mad to possess, himself he threw
 On the defenceless, harmless Maid:
 But, oh, what envious Gods conspire
 To snatch his *Power*, yet leave him the *Desire*!

Nature's *Support*, without whose *Aid*
 She can no *human* Being give,
 It self now wants the Art to live;
Faintness its slackn'd Nerves invade,
 In vain th' enraged Youth essay'd
 To call his fleeting Vigour back,
 No *Motion* 'twill from *Motion* take;
 Excess of *Love*, his *Love* betray'd,
 In vain he *toils*, in vain *commands*,
 Th' insensible fell *weeping* in his Hands.

In

In this so amorous, *cruel* Strife,
 Where *Love* and *Fate* were too severe,
 The poor *Lysander*, in Despair,
 Renounc'd his *Nature* with his *Life* :
 Now all the brisk and active Fire,
 Which shou'd the nobler Part inflame,
 Serv'd to increase his Rage and Shame,
 And left no Spark for new Desire :
 Not all her *naked* Charms cou'd move,
 Or calm that *Rage* that had *debauch'd* her Love.

Cloris returning from the Trance,
 Which *Love* and soft *Desire* had bred,
 Her *tim'rous* Hand she gently laid ;
 Or guided by *Design*, or *Chance*,
 Upon that *fabulous Priapus*,
 That potent God, as Poets feign :
 But never did young *Shepherdes*,
 Gathering of Fern upon the Plain,
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
 Finding beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake.

Fair *Cloris* her fair Hand withdrew,
 Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his *awful Fires*,
 And cold as Flowers bath'd in the Morning Dew.
 Who can the *Nymph's* Confusion guess ?
 The Blood forsook the kinder Place,
 Which both *Disdain* and *Shame* express,

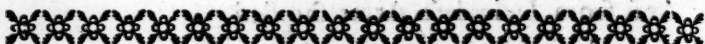
And

And from *Lyfander's* Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

Like Light'ning thro the Grove she hies,
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God,
No print upon the grassy Road
She leaves, t'instruct pursuing Eyes;
The Winds that wanton'd in her Hair,
And with the rust'd Garments play'd,
Discover'd in the flying Maid,
All that Gods e'er made of fair:
So *Venus*, when her Love was slain,
With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

The *Nymph's* Resentments, none but I
Can well imagine, or condole,
But none can guess *Lyfander's* Soul,
But those that sway'd his Destiny;
His silent Grief swells up to Storms,
And not one God his Fury spares;
He curst his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,
But more the *Shepherdes's* Charms,
Whose soft, bewitching Influence,
Had damn'd him to the *Hell of Impotence*.

JULIAN.



J U L I A N.

IN Verse to ease thy wretched Wants I write,
 Not mov'd by Envy, Malice, or by Spite,
 Or pleas'd with th' empty Names of Wit and Sense,
 But meerly to supply thy want of Pence :
 This did inspire my *Muse*, when out at Heel
 She saw the needy Secretary reel ;
 Griev'd that a Man so useful to the Age,
 Shou'd foot it in so mean an Equipage ;
 A crying Scandal, that the Fees of Sense,
 Shou'd not be able to support th' Expence
 Of a poor *Scribe*, who never thought of Wants,
 When able to procure a Cup of *Nants*,
 But Dulness sits at Helm, and in this Age,
 Governs our Councils, Pulpits, and the Stage :
 Here a dull *Councillor* ador'd we see,
 And there a *Poet*, duller yet than he,
 With beardless Bishop, dullest of the three.
 'Tis dangerous to think —————

For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate,
 Is straight arraign'd as Traytor to the State,
 And none that come within the Verge of Sense,
 Have to Preferment now the least Pretence ;
 Nay, *Poets* guilty of that Treason prov'd,
 Are by a gen'ral Bus from Court remov'd ;

Shakespeare

Shakespear himself, reviv'd, finds no Success,
 And living *Authors* sure might hope for less.
 Since *Dulness* then, finds more Success than Wit,
Dulness, the Darling of the Throne, and Pit,
 This Poem, *Julian*, cannot fail to hit. }
 But for thy Profit, *Julian*, have a Care
 Of Prying *Poult'ney*, and of Bully *Carr*,
 In whom there's Danger, for the one does write
 With the same Prowess the other us'd to fight :
 Next florid *Huntington*, and civil *Grey*,
 Who knew his Grace was gone, but not which Way :
 'Twere needless here, and tedious too to name
 All that are envious of poor *Poets* Fame ;
 Consult thy sacred Volume, where thou'lt find
 Such who to reverend *Dulness* have been kind ;
 To those obsequious Cringe, with humble Bow,
 With Court-like Scrapes, and with submissive Brow ;
 Since from their num'rous Party thou may'st hope
 More than *Prance*, *Oats*, or *Bedloe* from the *Pope* ;
Thirsis has gain'd Preferment by a Song,
 While *Hudibras* does starve amidst the Throng ; }
 Nay, Minion *Shadwell* cannot hold out long.

There lives a Lord, a noble Peer is he,
 Whose Conscience is as pliant as his Knee,
 Whose easy Temper, by good Nature mov'd,
 Does make him universally belov'd ;

L

He

He once pretended to a Share of Sense,
 But for that insolent, and bold Offence,
 The Council wisely banish'd him from thence;
 Who finding those Pretences ominous,
 Is grown, at length, as dull as one of us,
 Him make thy Friend, and if that Method fail,
 Prepare thee in these following Terms to rail.

May *Herwet's* Billet-doux^s successful prove,
 In tempting of her little *Grace* to Love;
 May *Anglesey* think Bribery a Sin,
 The Countess pull it out, when once put in;
 May *Arlington* his little Brat despise,
 And she no more the Name of Dutchess prize;
 May puzzling *Howard* live by Poetry,
 And *Cleveland* die for want of Letchery;
 May *Monmouth* quit his Int'rest in the Crown;
 May *Howard* never grin, nor *Nelly* frown;
 May *Betty Mackrell* cease to be a W——
 May Villain *Frank*——*Mazarine* no more.

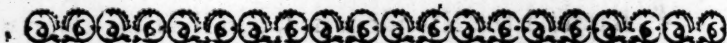




*A LETTER from the Duke of MONMOUTH to
the K-----.*

Disgrac'd, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's Sport,
Banish'd the Kingdom first, and then the Court;
Out of my Place turn'd forth, and out of Doors,
And made the meanest of your Sons of Wh—res,
The Scene of Laughter, and the common Chats
Of your salt Bitches, and your other Brats,
Forc'd to a private Life, to Whore and Drink,
On my past Grandeur, and my Folly think.
Wou'd I had been the Brat of some mean drab,
Whom Fear and Shame had Cause to choak and stab,
Rather than be the Issue of a King,
And by him made so wretched, scorn'd a Thing!
What little Cause has Mankind to be Proud
Of Honours, Birth, the Idol of the Crowd?
Have I abroad, in Battles, Honour won,
To be at home, ingloriously undone?
Mock'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine
With all those gawdy Trifles, once call'd mine.
Your Hobby-horse, and your meer Toy of State,
And now become the Object of your Hate,
But D—mn me, Sir, I'll be Legitimate.

I was your Darling, tho' against your Will,
 Yet know, Sir, I will be the People's still ;
 And when you die, I and my Friends, the Rout,
 Will with my *Papish* Uncle try a Bout,
 And to my Trouble this one Comfort bring,
 Next after you (by G—d) I will be K—.



A L E T T E R.

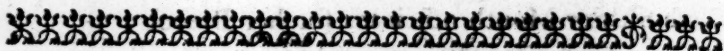
WORTHY SIR,

THO' wean'd from all those scandalous Delights,
 In which I gladly once mispent my Nights,
 And lewdly fool'd away my youthful Days,
 When regent *Punk* allow'd the Use of Plays,
 Weak Nature still prevails, and fain I'd hear
 What upstart Fops in *Julian's* Volumes are ;
 Whether the lisping Lord, who lately writ
 With many Words, and with so little Wit,
 Has found more Work for his correcting Friend,
 Who slyly laughs at what he seems to mend :
 What Vint'ners break, since Drunkenness has been
 Found Treason, above killing of the King ;
 And Witnesses for that are cherish'd more
 Than *Oats* or *Bedloe* ever were before.

Fain

Fain wou'd I know who lines that nauseous B—tch,
 Whose filthier Mouth officiates for her Breech :
 Whether the Booby Wh—lp, of kingly Race,
 Or the soft Earl, contented with Disgrace :
 And yet, methinks, 'tis strange, that any Son
 Shou'd rival *Rowly* there, beside his own.
 I'd hear whether the Wight with antick Pace,
 Imbroider'd Coat, and antiquated Face,
 Changing his *Hebrew* for a warlike Cant,
 Still meets the *Queen-Street* lewd Inhabitant.
 But above all, I gladly wou'd here tell
 Some Passages of that most decent Ball,
 Where *Irish* 'Squire so cunningly contriv'd,
 At his own Charge to have his Lady — ;
 We're told how Virgins bright, and Gallants brave,
 Mashrall'd by Bawds, most infamously grave ;
 But we don't hear of whose Commodity
 The lustful b—ggering *Jew* thought fit to buy ;
 Who og'l'd who, or how the prudent Maid
 Cou'd brook the Man her Sister so betray'd.





The CHRONICLE.

I.

'TIS thought tall *Richard* first possess
 The easy Empire of her Breast;
 Happy she might have been,
 Had she not evil Counsel ta'en;
 But soon, alas, the wanton Dame,
 Lewdly let little Lovers in.

II.

Henry succeeded, nay, some venture
 To say, he first the Fort did enter:
 Here *Story's* at a Loss;
 That both enjoy'd her, all Men own,
 But who resign'd first, few or none,
 Not *Jepson*, nor *Ned Russell* knows.

III.

When *Wroth* to these she did prefer,
 'Twas then a golden Time with her,
 But soon those Pleasures fled;
 For the young handsome Stripling dy'd
 In Bloom of Youth and Beauty's Pride,
 And *Awbry* reign'd instead.

IV. One

IV.

One Month, three Days, and half an Hour,
Awbry held the sov'reign Pow'r,
 How beautiful his Face!
 But then so weak and small his Wit,
 That he to govern was unfit,
 And so poor *Awbry* lost his Place.

V.

Patty then, and S———d,
 Both to Reign at once began,
 Alternately they sway'd;
 And sometimes *Patty* was the fair,
 Sometimes the *Scot* the Crown did wear,
 And sometimes both sh'obey'd.

VI.

Another *Henry* then arose,
 Less fit to fill the Throne than those,
 A sorry Monarch he;
 She never meant he long shou'd rule,
 But made a Shift with awkward Fool,
 Dreading an Anarchy.

VII.

For when the courtly *Talbot* came,
 Arm'd strong with a resistless Flame,
 And the Artillery of his Eye;
 Whilst proudly fierce he march'd about,
 For greater Conquests to find out,
 He beat out *Henry* by the by.

VIII.

By whom this proud Pretender fell,
 'Tis fit some better Pen shou'd tell;
 An higher, and a nobler Strain
 Her present Emperor doth claim,
 Lusty Henry, third o'th Name,
 Whom G—d grant long to Reign.



A B A L L A D.

To the Tune of An old Man with a Bed full of Bones.

I.

IN an eminent Street, Sirs, near to *Whetstone's* Park,
 Where they commonly Fiddle, as soon as 'tis dark,
 There was a gallant Meeting of many a fine Spark.

With a Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

II.

A matronly Dame, with a feathered Fan,
 Who *Knight* did formerly charge *Tituan*,
 Was thought the most able to lead up the Van.

With a Fa, la, &c.

III.

A decent old Personage of riper Years,
 As by her want of Teeth plainly appears,
 For her Wisdom was trusted to bring up the Rear.

With a Fa, la, &c.

IV. This

IV.

This Feast was provided for a Lady fair,
Who from the Dunghill was rais'd to a Player,
And at last had the Luck to bring flat Foot an Heir.

With a Fa, la, &c.

V.

The Lady o'th' House was a strait, upright Lads,
Invincible Lewdness adorned her Face,
Her Husband stood by her, and look'd like an Ass.

With a Fa, la, &c.

VI.

From two neighb'ring Doors off, as soon as 'twas Night,
Came tripping along, Sirs, a Damsel so bright,
Had she kept better Company she was for a Knight.

With a Fa, la, &c.

VII.

Her Partner, altho' of a most noble Race,
Had his ——— been no better than his Wit or his Face,
He had never been gracious with that pretty Lads.

With a Fa, la, &c.

VIII.

There was a bouncing Widow with a Patch on her Nose,
Who loves ——— the better, the elder it grows,
And has learn'd of the *Tartar* to ——— with her Toes.

With a Fa, la, &c.

IX.

She brought along with her a bonny young Maid,
Who at Sight of these Gallants at first seem'd afraid,
As if she had not been us'd to the Trade.

With a Fa, la, &c.

X.

A luffy young Fellow they'd each of them got,
That trounc'd 'em and bounc'd 'em, till they were
wond'rous hot,

Then took 'em aside to do I know not what.

With a Fa, la, &c.

XI.

A *Jew* too there was, to make up the Farce,
With a great Bag of Money, and a swinging huge T—
Which was ready to thrust into ev'ry ones. —.

With a Fa, la, &c.

XII.

At first they all wond'red what a Devil he meant,
But he gave both the Women and Men such Content,
That to's House the next Day to Dinner they went.

With a Fa, la, &c.

XIII.

Where after he'd well feasted this jolly Crew,
Their innocent Pastimes, they then did renew,
And were — up and down both by *Christian* and *Jew*.

With a Fa, la, &c.

The sham P R O P H E S Y.

IN Sixteen Hundred Seventy-eight,
The Corn on which our Horses Bait,
Shall free this Land from Blood and Treason;
Not to be done by Pease and Beason:

When

When Justice *Godfrey* lay's Head low,
 At bloody Feet of *Prance* and *Bedloe*,
 And that these Wits shall make Discov'ries,
 That all may see, unless they cover Eyes,
 The Man that's call'd *popish Recusant*,
 God give us Grace to make good use on't,
 Shall persecute Religion Protestant,
 Happy's the Man escapes the hottest on't.
 Hot is their Rage, and sharp their Fury,
 All ends not in Sir *Edmond Bury*.
 The Man call'd *Oats*, shall be in Danger,
 To be devour'd in *popish* Manger,
 But tho' the Times shall be full perilous,
England for all that need not care a *Louse*.

RIDDLE *me*, RIDDLE *me*.

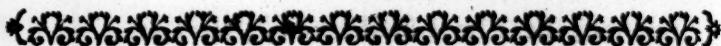
A Load of Guts, wrapt in a fallow Skin,
 Fulsome without, and ten Times worse within;
 Just Wit enough for her appointed Ends,
 And Truth to cheat all those she calls her Friends;
 Even *Monmouth* is by this false Wight betray'd,
 A rank, o'er-riden Jade, yet still a Maid.

Aspert



A pert Imitation of the Flatterers of FATE.

ALL the World can't afford.
 Such a B—tch as *Moll H—ward*,
 She procures for my Lady, and lies with my Lord;
 If this she deny,
 'Tis Time she shou'd die,
 For she's able to Bawd for a whole Council Board.



A S O N G.

To the Tune of Dr. P—— take Exceptions.

*S*T——d is her Sex's Glory,
 And the *Heroin* of our Age,
 She'll be fam'd in future Story,
 Since she's shewn upon the Stage:
 She, poor Soul, for Recreation,
 F—— with ev'ry *Prig* in the Nation.

R—— had a Thousand T—rfes,
Maxarine as many more,
 Sometimes her —— sometimes her —— is
 —— and —— o'er and o'er.

Let

Let Mistress *Buckley* not be troubled,
Whilst her G—— will be bubbled,

A—— is not a Beauty,
Yet she Favours can afford ;
With a Dozen she'll do Duty,
And then entertain her Lord.

Poor Lady *Betty* will be undone,
Since her dear *Monmouth* must leave *London* ;
She at the Plays and Park will spark it,
Now her dull Husband's at *Newmarket*.

Lady G——, whose early Merit,
T—— without Number rais'd,
Was forewarn'd by *Hatfield* Spirit,
That she might amend her Ways :
But let the Devil leave contriving,
She'll rather damn, than not be ——.

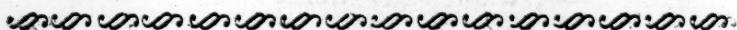
Lory H——e's a great Pretender
To the Dutchess *Mazarine* ;
Tho' his —— be weak and slender,
Yet his Money lets him in ;
Whilst his good *Wife*, t'avoid Asperſion,
With her own *Porter* takes Diversion.

C—— is a flaming Beauty.

And her Favours will dispence ;
Never doubt she'll be as true t'ye,
As she has been to her great Pr—nce ;
But have a care of her P—g ;
For her Intrigues still end in fl——g.

B—— looks like Envy's Sister,

Is nasty, lean, and stinking too.
Patty mistook, and thought she'd bepist her,
When 'twas her Ladyship's nat'ral Dew ;
For now his —— gets ev'ry Meeting,
A bloody Nose, and constant Weeping..



A C A N T O.

The ARGUMENT.

*Nan and Frank, two quondam Friends,
In which they'd both their private Ends,
Fell from Love to sudden Wrath,
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both ;
Many a Rogue and Whore is call'd,
But, O brave Frank, the Bawd is maul'd.*

OF civil Dudgeon many a Bard
Has sung, and Tales have oft' been heard ;
Much in Verse, and much in Prose,
Of ancient Friends grown errant Foes ;

From

From this Position, I'm about
To tell you how two Friends fell out,
The dearest two, the kindest Pair.
That e'er each others Heart did share,
Damsel and *Hero* fat and fair:
The noble *Hero*, who not knows
Order, attends where e'er he goes;
And in his even dealing Hand,
He always bears a powerful Wand,
The Badge of Office and Command.
Frequent at Lady *W*—— Door,
'T has stood upon a well-known Score;
Which the poor *Jew*, Sir *John* hath seen,
Full oft, and curst the *Turk* within,
Who not admires the Damsel bright,
That ever traps'd the *Mall* by Night?
Who that ever had Occasion
For any Filthiness in Season?
Many a Bed and Basket full
Has she put off of Trash and Trull.
In short, their Virtues well are known,
Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown;
For long has mighty Clamour ran,
Of honest *Frank*, and modest *Nan*:
But how these two from harmless Prattle,
Came at last to direful Battle.
Butler, 'cou'd'st thou live again,
With thy inimitable Pen,

'Twou'd

'Twou'd puzzle e'en thy mighty Verse,
 The wond'rous Actions to rehearse,
 Of Knight and Damsel, that surpass
 Thy *Trulla* and thy *Hudibras*.
 There is a Time, as th' Author has it,
 That writes th' Treatise call'd the *Gazette* ;
 In many Things by him related,
 When *White-Hall's* evacuated :
 That is, when the *Court* and *Prince* are
 Catching Agues all at *Windfor* :
 For in *Greenland*, as they write,
 The whole Year's but one Day and Night :
 So of late it has been here,
 Only Sun-shine half the Year ;
 And as evil Spirits venture
 Often in the Dark to enter
 Hollow'd Roofs, when those that keep
 The Place are absent, or asleep ;
 So factious Vermin, that are driv'n
 From Court for Faults, are oft forgiv'n,
 When they have watch'd the King from's House,
 Came there to keep their Rendezvous.
 Then C—— and S—— cabal ;
 Then C—— Lords it in the *Mall* :
 With all his Train of unfledg'd Fools,
 Callow as they came from Schools.
Grey, Mordant, Brandon, Kent, and Thinn,
 Still at work Follies deepest in ;

And

And *H*——, with his long Tool,
Not as his Mark for Man, but Fool;
Whose Tail and Follies make his Life
Only useful to his Wife.
All these with foul Infection tainted,
Long ago had been transplanted
Far from the Court, that so the rest
That yet were found, might 'scape the Pest;
But as that vile Disease the Itch,
Does some lewd Natures so bewitch,
That it they'd always choose to catch,
For meer Indulgence, but to scratch;
So Faction does with some prevail,
For a bare Colour for to rail:
Honest *Frank* was one of these,
In's Heart lov'd them, and their Disease.
Honest *Frank*, who's but a Noddy,
Yet rails as well as any Body;
And as sacred Libels show,
Publish'd not many Years ago;
A certain Lord was but a Cur,
To which Opinion few demur;
So honest *Frank* may, I speak mine,
Is something nat'rally *Canine*.
For as some Cur, whose Master owns,
And love's, and gives him Crufts and Bones;
Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running
Abroad, where Faction lies a Sunning;

So

So *Frank*, tho' he no filling need,
 On rotten Faction loves to feed.
 To which, when he does back resort,
 He stinks intolerably in Court ;
 And for Occasion of this Nature,
 Has been of late a lazy Creature.
 Tho' better had he minded Duty,
 And too escap'd this War with Beauty,
 Beauty, which shines in *Nancy's* Face,
 As much as he does in his Place,
 Majestick Wrinkles deck her Brow,
 And goodly glaring Eyes below,
 That still with maudlin Kindness shine,
 The soft Effects of Brandy Wine ;
 Rich Carbuncles adorn her Nose,
 The Envy of her sober Foes ;
 And from her Lips Discourses fall,
 That make her welcome to *White-Hall* ;
 Whither one Day she enter'd shining,
 Just as *Frank* was come from Dining :
 But who the Sequel cou'd have guess'd,
 To see how they at first carefs'd,
 How Cheek-by-Jowl they kindly walk'd,
 And with what Tenderness they talk'd ?

My dearest *Nan* (said he) what Whores
 Are freshest now ? Quoth *Nan*, my Doors,

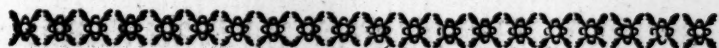
Heav'n.

Heav'n knows, ne'er open to receive
 A Lover, since you last took Leave,
 Whom still to serve, my Will remains,
 Tho' you ne'er pay me for my Pains.
 Pay thee, quoth he, *Nan*, pay for Wenching,
 When ev'n our Tables-are retrenching.
 Says *Nanny*, oh! thou falsely fearest,
 'Tis Love I want, not Coin, my dearest;
 'Tis thee I love, 'tis thee I doat on,
 More than a Child that puts new Coat on;
 To see thee walk, I love thy Trip,
 I love the Drops upon thy Lip;
 Thy just Cravat, thy regular Wig,
 My little Pug, my dapper Pig;
 When with Desire of thee, I stretch,
 I've no *Sciatica* or *Stitch*.
 Quoth *Frank*, in Rage, *Avant* you B—tch,
 Have I for this, thro' all my Life,
 Kept civil Distance with my Wife,
 Study'd fine Speeches from Romances,
 And in my Age led Country Dances?
 Do I for this, ev'n at this Hour,
 Cheat ev'ry Creature in my Pow'r,
 Gripe from the Poor the utmost Farthing,
 To keep my Credit up at Carding?
 Do I for this affect a Grace,
 And paint my old Canaple Face,
 Only to have a *Bawd* adore me?
 No, I'll have *Virgins* fall before me.

Virgins,

Virgins, quoth angry *Nan*, then hung
 A Tongue out, full two Handfuls long,
 And with Desire or Malice stung,
 Lick'd o'er the thickest painted Place,
 And spoil'd, intirely, that Day's Face,
 But who can speak the Noise and Din,
 The Fury that did then begin,
 The Oaths, the Out-cry, and the Blows,
 When *Francis*, catching *Nancy's* Nose,
 With furious Gripe, expressing Hate,
 Squeez'd nine large Insects out of that :
 Then with a Shock upon her Chest,
 So stir'd the Brandy in her Breast,
 That an eructive Sigh she sent,
 Which, as it thro' the Region went,
 Such wond'rous Influence did bear,
 A soaring *Owl* drop'd Headlong there,
 Drunk with sophisticated Air :
 Which *Omen* much ill Luck bespoke,
 For the next Tilt, the *Heroe* broke
 The famous *Wand*, describ'd above,
 The Ensign of his Pow'r and Love :
 But at the same Time Conquest got,
 And doom'd the vanquish'd Bawd to pot ;
 To *Porter's* Lodge he sent her jogging,
 To purchase Liberty by Flogging.
 Thus ended was the Fray, that lately rose
 Betwixt the *White-Staff Knight*, and Lady of the *Red-Rose*.

A BALLAD.



A B A L L A D.

I.

OF all Quality Whores, modest *Betty* for me,
He's an impudent Rogue durst lay Virtue to thee,
Both of Tongue, and of Tail, there's no Female more free.

II.

Her *Savvy* Devotion she has lately giv'n o'er,
How cou'd she play Saint, and refrain from the Whore,
Who more lewd than e'er *How—d* was, or *V—ers* before.

III.

Her Zeal and her Lust, both equally known,
Just Gods will reward with a heav'nly Crown,
Out-shining the Mitre of sanctify'd Joan.

IV.

She starts at no *Runnion* of lubberly Stallion,
But quickly chastises all — in Rebellion,
And is able to beat a whole *Catso* Barallion.

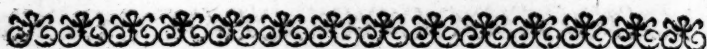
V.

Believe little *Jockey*, full nimbly she stirs,
Without the Incitement of Whip or of Spurs,
May *Newmarket* ne'er want such true Mettle as hers.

VI.

She's a delicate *Filly*, that all Men agree,
More able than *Dragon*, than *Darcey* or *Gee*,
What Pity it is she runs resty with thee?

A BALLAD.



A B A L L A D.

TO honourable Court there lately came
 A Knight of the County of *Nottingham*,
 Deserting poor Cook-Maid, and House of his Name,
Which no Body can deny.

When the Maids of Honour heard of that,
 They with furbish'd old Faces, of Marriage did chat,
 And hop'd shortly to leave old *Portugal Kate*.
Which no Body can deny.

Next C——*more* for her lame Daughter appears,
 And G——*frey's Crane* was as active for hers;
 Ah! cries my Aunt *Nunn*, are you there with the Bears?
Which no Body can deny.

Then strait away she trots to her Brother,
 Who for *Sh—bury* and *I—am* had made such a Pother,
 And cries, I've got a Knight worth two of the other.
Which no Body can deny.

Seven Thousand a Year he has, I'm told,
 But Fame, in those Cafes, is often too bold,
 And for him the Court Virgins all scramble and scold.
Which no Body can deny.

At

At the Dutcheſſes Ball, *V—ers* mightily ſtickl'd,
And thought with a Dance ſhe his Fancy had tickl'd,
A noble Lord notes, like Cucumber pickl'd.

Which no Body can deny.

G—d—in to tempt him, fell off from her Horſe,
To perfect the Conqueſt of Face by her —
A pleaſanter Sight than a *Newmarket* Farce.

Which no Body can deny.

Pious *T—mple*, who long has been muſty and Stale,
By her daily Devotion, and hope to prevail,
To gain him and Credit for more Bottle-Ale.

Which no Body can deny.

Pox o' your *G—d—ns*, your *V—ers* and *T—mples*,
Quoth *Chiffinch*, my Daughter has that that will pleaſe,
And the Knight's ſomewhat troubled, they ſay, with
the Simples.

Which no Body can deny.

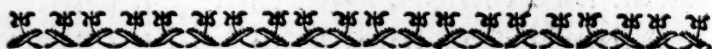
And Serjeant *Pr—ce* tells me, the Contract is broke
'Twixt him, and the Daughter of *New— Duke*,
On the Score of her greaſy Rival the Cook.

Which no Body can deny.

Of this lubberly Knight you need not deſpair,
When the *K—* is next Drunk, he ſhall make him a Peer,
We'll win him with Goodneſs, or awe him with Fear.

Which no Body can deny.

COLON.



C O L O N.

AS *Colon* drove his Sheep along,
 By *White-Hall*, there was such a Throng
 Of early Coaches at the Gate,
 The silly Swain was forc'd to wait :
 Chance threw on him Sir *Edward S—ton*,
 The jolly Knight that Rhimes to Mutton:

Colon, said he, this is the Day
 For which poor *England* long did pray,
 The Day that sets our *Monarch* free
 From butter'd Bunns and Slavery;
 This Hour from *French* Intrigues, 'tis said,
 He'll clear his Council and his Bed.

Portsmouth he now vouchsafes to know,
 Was the cast Wh—re of Count *De-Foe*;
 Each Night with her's dear as a Sessions
 O'th' House, and fuller of Petitions;
 Which drein'd him, till he was not able
 To keep his Council or a Table :
 So that *White-Staves*, *Grooms* and *Pages*,
 Live alike upon Board-Wages.
 She must retire, and sell her Place,
 Buyers you see flock in a-pace.

Silence

Silence i'th' Court being once proclaim'd,
 Up stept fair *R—mond*, once so fam'd,
 She offer'd much, but was refus'd,
 And of Miscarriages accus'd :
 They said, a ——— that us'd to puke,
 Cou'd never bear a Booby *Duke*.
 That *M—lgr—ve*, *V—ers*, and *Jack H—w*,
 For one salt Dutcheffs were enow ;
 Nor wou'd his Ma—sty accept her
 At Thirty, who at Eighteen left her.
 She blush'd, and modestly withdrew,
 Next *Mid—ton* appear'd in View,
 Who strait was told of *M—gue*,
 Of Baits of Hydes, of Cloaths from *France*,
 Of Arm-pits, Toes of Suffisance ;
 At which the Court set up a Laughter,
 And then she pleaded for her Daughter,
 A Buxom Lafs, fit for the Place,
 Were not her Father in Disgrace,
 Whose monstrous *Chin*, 'twas thought, begun
 Her pretty Face to over-run ;
 Besides some strange, incestuous Stories,
 Of *H—vy*, and her long Cli—.
 With these Exceptions she's dismiss,
 And beauteous *M—reland* joins the List,
 Husband in Hand most decently,
 And begs at any Rate to buy ;

M

She

She off' red Jewels of great Price,
 And dear Sir *Snowwell's* next Device,
 Whether it be a Pump or Table,
 Glass-House, or any other Bauble ;
 it she was told she had been try'd,
 and for good Reasons laid aside.

Next in steps pretty Lady *Gr—y*,
 offer'd her Lord shou'd nothing say
 Gainst the next Treasurer accus'd ;
 So her Pretence was not refus'd.
R—wly inrag'd, bid her be gone,
 And play her Game out with his Son ;
 Or if she lik'd an aged Carcass,
 From *Lucy* get the noble *Marquis*.

Sh—ry offer'd for the Place,
 All she had gotten from his *Grace* ;
 She knew his Ways, and cou'd comply
 With all Decays of Letchery ;
 Had often lick'd his am'rous Scepter,
 Till the jaded Stallion leap'd her ;
 But long ago had the Mishap,
 To give the *K—*, *Dick T—lbot's* Clap ;
 Tho' for her was said all that can be,
 By her lean drudge, the Earl of *D—by*.
 She was dismiss'd with Scorn, and told,
 Where a tall Page was to be fold.

Then

Then in came dowdy *M—rine*,
 That foreign, antiquated Queen,
 Who soon was told, the K—— no more
 Wou'd deal with an intriguing Wh—re,
 That she already had about her,
 Too good an Equipage *de Foutre* ;
 Nor was our Monarch such a Cully,
 To bear a *Moor*, and swinging Bully.
 Her Grace at this Rebuke, look'd blank,
 And snatch'd away to Villain *Frank*.

Fair *L——field* too, her Claim put in,
 'Twas urg'd, she was too near a Kin :
 She modestly reply'd, no more
 Of Kin than *S——ex* was before :
 Besides, she'd often heard her Mother,
 Call her the Daughter of another ;
 She did not drivel, and had Sense,
 To which all his have no Pretence,
 Yet for the present she's put off,
 And told she was not Whore enough.

The *Loftus* smil'd at that Exception,
 Doubting not of a good Reception,
 Put in her Claim, vowing she'd steal
 All that her Husband won of *Neale*,
 To buy the Place, all he could get
 By his long Suit with Mr. *Pitt* ;

But from *Goliab's* Size of *Gath*,
 Down to the Pitch of little *Worth*,
 The Court was told she had lain with all
 The warring Roysters of *White-Hall*;
 For which old *Rowley*, least she grudge,
 Gave her the making of a Judge;
 She bow'd, and strait bought her six Greys
 To haunt the Court, the Park and Plays.

Then in step stately *Cary Frazer*,
 Strait the whole Room began to praise her,
 As fine as Hands or Paint cou'd make her;
 She vow'd the *King*, or Goal must take her.
Rowley reply'd, he was retrenching,
 And would no more of costly Wenching;
 That she was proud, and went too gaudy,
 Nor could she Swear, Drink, and talk Bawdy,
 Virtue's requisite for that Place,
 More than Wit, Youth, or a good Face.

Cle—land offer'd down a Million,
 But she was soon told of *Chatillian*;
 Strait at that Name she fell a weeping,
 And swore she was undone with keeping.
 That *Fermin*, *C——l* had so drain'd her,
 She could not live on the Remainder:
 The Court said, there was no Record
 Of any to that Place restor'd;

Nor

Nor ought the K—— at these Years venture,
When his Prince could not content her.

Young Lady Jo——s stept up, and urg'd
She'd give the Deed her Father forg'd :
But she was told her Family
Were tainted with Presbytery.
She said, her Mother with clean Heart
And Hand had lately done her Part,
In bringing *Mazarine* to Bed ;
Nor was't her Fault the Babe was dead.
Her Sister too, as all Men know,
Had —— as high, and married low ;
As *B——fis*, or any Punk,
Of late with royal Seed made Drunk ;
For her *Rowley* own'd his Passion,
But said he stood by Declaration,
Engag'd, no Matter of great Weight,
To pass, till after some Debate.

In this great Council, so th' adjourn'd,
And *Colon* to his Flock return'd,
Swearing there was at ev'ry Fair,
Blither Girls than any there.





A S O N G.

FAIR *Cloris* in a Pigsty lay,
 Her tender Herd lay by her;
 She slept, in murmuring Gruntles they
 Complaining of the scorching Day,
 Her Slumbers thus inspire.

She dreamt, whilst she with careful Pains
 Her Snowy Arms imploy'd,
 In Ivory Pails to fill out Grains,
 One of her Love convicted Swains,
 Thus hasting to her cry'd :

Fly *Nymph*, oh fly, or 'tis too late
 A dear lov'd Life to save;
 Rescue your Bosom Friend from Fate,
 Who now expires, hung in the Gate
 That leads to *Flora's* Cave.

Myself had try'd to set him free,
 Rather than brought the News,
 But I am so abhor'd by thee,
 That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,
 I know thou wou'dst refuse.

Struck

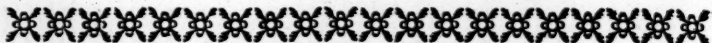
Struck with the News, as quick she flies,
As Blushes to her Face;
Not the bright Light'ning from the Skies,
Nor Love, shot from her brighter Eyes,
Move half so swift a Pace.

This Plot, it seems, the lustful Swain
Had laid against her Honour,
Which not one God took Care to save,
For he pursues her to the Cave,
And throws himself upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone*,
She feels the Foe within it;
She hears a broken, am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Just in the happy Minute.

Frighting she shakes, and waking F——
Nature thus kindly eas'd,
In Dreams, mov'd by her murmuring Pigs,
And her own Thumb between her Legs,
She's innocent and pleas'd.





An ESSAY on SCANDAL.

O F all the Plagues with which this World abounds,
 Our Discord's causes, Wideners of our Wounds,
 Sure *Woman* is the lewdest can be gueſt,
 Thro' *Woman* Mankind early ill did taſte,
 She was the World's firſt Curſe, will be the laſt. }
 To ſhew what *Woman*'s, Heav'n made *Charles* Wiſe,
 Some Angel ſcale the Blindneſs of his Eyes,
 Reſtor'd by Miracle he may believe,
 And ſeeing's Follies, learn, tho' late to live,
 Why art thou poor, oh *King-imbezling* —
 That wide-mouth'd greedy Monſter that has don't ;
 Thee and three Kingdoms have thy Drabs deſtroy'd,
 Yet they are ſtill uncur'd, and thou uncloy'd.
 Go viſit *P—mouth*, faſting, if thou dareſt,
 Which well thou may'ſt, at the poor Rate thou fareſt.
 She'll with her noiſome Breath blaſt ev'n thy Face,
 Till thou thyſelf grow uglier than her *Grace*.
 Remove that coſtly Dunghill from thy Doors,
 If thou muſt have, then uſe cheap, whoſome Whores.
 Take *T—ple*, who can live on Cheeſe and Ale,
 Who never but to Biſhops yet turn'd Tail.
 She's ſeaſon'd, fit to bear a double Brunt,
L—n in her — *Rowley* in her —

B—p and K—, choose handy-dandy either,
 They still club Votes, why not club S—ds together ?
 Else choose G——n, whom there's little hurt in,
 She'll —— for Cloaths, for all she's call'd a Fortune.
 Besides, there's *Swan* and *Chevins* —— 'em, fill 'em ;
 And Mrs. V——rs, Sister to Sir *William*.
 Ram all thy Maids of Honour, whilst thou art able,
 And make thy barren Q—— keep up their Table.
 But from her Den expel old Ulcer quite,
 She shines i'th' Dark, like rotten Wood by Night,
 Dreads Pepper, Penance, Parliaments, and Light. }
 Once with thy People's Prayers resolve to join,
 She's all the Nation's Nuisance, why not thine ?
 Own to the World her Brats, not thine at all,
 For Father H——on shines thro' 'em all ;
 His Impudence, his Falshood, and ill Nature,
 Each inward Vice, and ev'ry outward Feature,
 True H——on in every Act and Look ;
 But to record thy Blindness made a Duke.

Then next, turn fav'rite *Nelly* out of Door,
 That hairbrain'd, hackney'd wrinkl'd, stopt up Whore,
 Daily stuck, stab'd by half the —— in Town,
 Yet still her stubborn C—s come not down,
 But lie and nourish old Diseases there,
 Which thou and many thy poor Subjects share.
 'Twas once with thee, indeed, as 'twas with Oar
 Uncoin'd ; she was no publick common Store, }
 Only B——f's private artful Whore.

But

But when that thou in wanton Itch,
 With Royal — had stamp'd her —
 She grew a common, current B——h,
 Then for that C——b her Son and Heir,
 Let him remain in *Otway's* Care ;
 To make him, if that's possible to be,
 A viler Poet, and more dull than he.
 So at the next *Newmarket* Meeting,
 When thy Senate should be sitting ;
 Where Knaves and Fools, and Courtiers do resort,
 And Players come from far to make the Sport,
 As in thy Barn thou shalt in State behold
 The Maid of the *West*, or Girl worth Gold,
 Sitting with most dejected Grace,
 And she fleering in thy Face :
 Then, like a *Monarch*, as thou art,
 Lay thy Hand upon thy Heart ;
 Kick her for her lewd cajoling,
 And bid her turn to her old Trade of Stroling.

But *HeStors* shall forget to drink,
Mall H—t—n have no P—— nor Stink,
 Lord *S—d—d* be honest, *M——ve* civil,
 B——ps believe a God or Devil ;
Dryden not mouze a Whore, when he can get her,
 Or have his Pension paid ; that's better :
M—m—th turn again to's Duty,
 And Tartar C—x be thought a Beauty.

No more Libels shall be written,
The Court shall be without a *Mitton*,
E'er thou shalt have a Friend to tell
Thee, I have here advis'd thee well ;
But how Slight foe'er they make it,
The Counsel's good, believe and take it.



A B A L L A D.

To the Tune of Cave Lilly Man.

I.

HAVE you heard of a Lord of noble Descent ?
Hark how the Bells of Paradise ring,
As a Mark of his Valour, to *Tangier* he went,
Now the Lord send us Heav'n at our Ending.

II.

His Armour it was of Duke *George's* Proof,
Hark how, &c.
He thinks himself safer in Silk than in Buff :
Now, &c.

III.

For when he came there, as I have heard say,
Hark how, &c.
When the Rest went to fight, then he went away,
Now, &c.

IV. Now

IV.

Now instead of the Moors that he went to kill,

Hark how, &c.

He return'd into *England* to taste of his Pill,

Now, &c.

V.

Tho' I hear by Report, it went bitterly down,

Hark how, &c.

She brought forth a Barn that was none of his own,

Now, &c.

VI.

Next hear the fine Things of himself he doth tell,

Hark how, &c.

He fights very ill, but he lies very well,

Now, &c.

VII.

He hath been oft at Sea, and often at Shore,

Mark how, &c.

And when all comes to all, he hath marry'd a Wh—,

Now, &c.

VIII.

She's a dainty fine Lafs (by my Troth) of her Kind,

Hark how, &c.

But how shall we cure his mutinous Mind?

Now, &c.

IX.

Mr. *Montaign* thought him a desperate Thing,

Hark how, &c.

And taught him a Way to be quits with the King,

Now, &c.

X. He

X.

He advis'd him at first, in the Name of his Grace,

Hark how, &c.

To put on a foolish, petitioning Face,

Now, &c.

XI.

From that Time to this, he hath been bloodily bent,

Hark how, &c.

'Tis pity the Fool had not *Hick's* Regiment,

Now, &c.

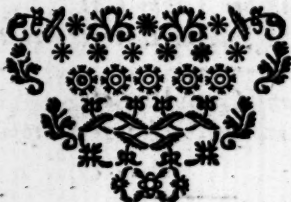
XII.

But let us give over with this worthy Knight,

Hark, how, &c.

And let us leave him now, as he left the Fight,

Now, &c.





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